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HENRY HERBERT.





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THE VVITT S.

A Comedie,

PRESENTED AT THE
Private House in Blacke Fryers,
by his Majesties Servants.

The Authour VVILLIAM D'AVENANT,
Servant to Her Majestie.



LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD MEIGHEN, next
to the Middle Temple in Fleetstreet.

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PRESENTED AT THE
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The Author WILLIAM DAVENANT,
Seruant to his Majestie.



LONDON,
Printed for RICHARD WATKIN,
in the Middle Temple in Fleetstreet.
1636.



TO THE CHIEFLY

Belov'd of all that are Ingenious,
and Noble, ENDYMION PORTER,
of his Majesties Bedchamber.

SIR,



Hough you covet not acknowledgements, receive what belongs to you by a double title: your goodnesse hath preserv'd life in the Author; then rescu'd his worke from a cruel Faction; vvhich nothing but the forces of your reason, and your reputation could subdue. If it become your pleasure novv, as vvhen it had the advantage of presentation on the Stage, I shall be taught, to boast some merit in my selfe; but vvith this inference; you still (as in that doubtfull day of my triall) endeavour to make shew of so much justice, as may countenance the love you beare to

Your most oblig'd, and thankfull

humble Servant,

WILLIAM DAVENANT.

TO THE READER OF M.

WILLIAM D'AVENANT'S *Play*.

IT hath been said of old, that Playes are Feasts,
Poets the Cookes, and the Spectators Guests,
The Actors Waiters: From this Similie,
Some have deriv'd an unsafe libertie
To use their Judgements as their Tastes, which chuse
Without controule, this Dish, and that refuse:
But Wit allowes not this large Priviledge,
Either you must confesse, or fee'le it's edge;
Nor shall you make a currant inference
If you transf-fer your reason to your sense:
Things are distinct, and must the same appeare
To every piercing Eye, or well-tun'd Eare.
Though sweets with yours, sharps best with my taste meet,
Both must agree this meat's or sharpe or sweet:
But if I sent a stench or a perfume,
Whilst you smell nought at all, I may presume
You have that sense imperfect: So you may
Affect a sad, merry, or humerous Play,
If, though the kind distaste or please, the Good
And Bad, be by your Judgement understood;
But if, as in this Play, where with delight
I feast my Epicurean appetite
With rellishes so curious, as dispence
The utmost pleasure to the ravish'd sense,
You should professe that you can nothing meet
That hits your taste, either with sharpe or sweet,
But cry out, 'tis insipid; your bold Tongue
May doe it's Master, not the Author wrong;
For Men of better Pallat will by it
Take the just elevation of your Wit.

T. CAREW.

THE PROLOGVE.

B Lesse mee you kinder Stars! How are wee throng'd?
Alas! whom, hath our long-sick-Poet wrong'd,
That hee should meet together in one day
A Session, and a Faction at his Play?
To Iudge, and to Condemne: For't cannot be
Amongst so many here, all should agree.
Then 'tis to such vast expectation rais'd,
As it were to be wonder'd at, not prais'd:
And this, good faith Sir Poet (if I've read
Customes, or Men) strikes you, and your Muse dead!
Conceave now too, how much, how oft each Eare
Hath surfeited in this our Hemisphære,
With various, pure, eternall Wit; and then
My fine young Comick Sir, y'are kill'd agen.
But 'bove the mischiefe of these feares, a sort
Of cruell Spies (wee heare) intend a sport
Among themselves; our mirth must not at all
Tickle, or stir their Lungs, but shake their Gall.
So this joyn'd with the rest, makes mee agin
To say, You and your Lady Muse within
Will have but a sad doome; and your trim Brow
Which long'd for Wreathes, you must weare naked now;
'Lesse some resolve out of a courtous pride,
To like and praise what others shall deride:
So they've their humor too; and wee in spight
Of our dull Braines, will thinke each side it's right.
Such is your pleasant judgements upon Playes,
Like Par'ells that run straight, though few'rall wayes.

The Persons of the Comedy.

- Pallatine the Elder, *Richly Landed, and a Witt.*
- Pallatine the Younger, { *A Witt too, but lives on his exhibition in Towne.*
- Sir Morglay Thwack, *A humorous rich old Knight.*
- Sir Tirant Thrift, *Guardian to the Lady Ample.*
- Meager, *A Souldier newly come from Holland*
- Pert, *His Comrade.*
- Engine, *Steward to Sir Tirant Thrift.*
- The Lady Ample, { *An Inheretrix, and Ward to Sir Tirant Thrift.*
- Lucy, *Mistresse to the Younger Pallatine.*
- Ginet, *Woman to the Lady Ample.*
- Snore, *A Constable.*
- Mistresse Snore, *His wife.*
- Mistresse Queasie, *Her Neighbour.*
- Watchmen, &c.

The Scene LONDON.



THE VVITS.

ACT. I. SCEN. I.

Enter Young Pallatine, Meager, Pert.

Young Pallatine.



Elcome o'there *Meager*! Give me thy hand!
Tis a true one, and will no more forsake
A Bond, or Bill, then a good Sword; a hand
That will shift for the Body, till the Lawes
Provide for both.

Meag. Old Wine, and new Cloathes Sir,
Make you wanton! D'you not see *Pert*, my Comrade?

To: Pallat. Ambiguous *Pert*! hast thou danc'd to the Drum too?
Could a Taffra scarfe, a long Estridge whing,
A stifte Iron Doubler, and a Brazeele Pole
Tempt thee from Cambrick sheets, fine active Thighs,
From Caudles where the precious Amber swims?

Pert. Faith, wee have been to kill, wee know not whom,
Nor why: Led on to break a Commandement,
With the consent of Custom and the Lawes.

Meag. Mine was a certaine inclination Sir
To doe mischief, where good men of the Iury,
And a dull Congregation of gray Beards
Might urge no tedious Statute 'gainst my life!

To: Pallat. Nothing but Honor could seduce thee, *Pert*!
Honor! which is the hope of the Youthfull,
And the old Souldiers wealth, a jealousy
To the Noble, and mist'ry to the wise.

Pert. It was Sir, no Geographicall fancie
(Cause in our Maps, I lik'd this Region here
More than that Countrey lying there) made mee
Partiall which to fight for.

To: Pallat. True, sage *Pert*.
What is't to thee whether one *Don Diego*

B

A Prince,

The Wits.

A Prince, or *Hans van Holme*, Frieter seller
Of *Bombell*, doe Conquer that Parapet,
Redout, or Towne, which thou nere saw'st before?

Pert. Not a brasse Thimble to mee! but Honor!

To: Pallat. Why righteels whenfore shouldst thou bleed for him,
Whose Money, Wine, nor Wench, thou nere hast us'd?
Or why destroy some poore Root-eating Squallier,
That never gave thee the ly, deny'd to pledge
Thy Cockatrices health, nere spit upon
Thy Dog, jear'd thy Spur-leather, or return'd
Thy Tooth-pick ragged, which hee borrowed whole?

Pert. Never to my knowledge!

Meag. Comrade! tis time —

To: Pallat. What, to unshin your Trunkes at *Billinggate*?
Fierce *Meager*! why such halts? doe not I know,
That a Mouse yoke'd to a Pescod, may draw
With the fraile Cordage of one haire, your Goods
About the World?

Pert. Why wee have Linnen Sir!

To: Pallat. As much Sir as will fill a Tinder Box,
Or make a Frog a haire. I like not friends,
This quiet, mo' leest posture of your Shoulders!
Why stir you not, as you were practising
To Fence, or doe you hide your Cartell, least
The Skipper make you pay that passage over?

Pert. Know *Pallatine*! Truth is a naked Lady,
Shee will shew all! *Meager*, and I have not —

To: Pall. The Treasure of *Saint Marke* I believe Sir,
Though you are as rich as cast Servingmen,
Or Bawdealed thrice into Captivity!

Pert. Thou hast a heart of the right stamp; I find
It is not comely in thine eyes, to see
Vs Sons of war walke by the pleasant Vines
Of Gascoiny, as wee believ'd the Grapes
Forbidden Fruit: sneake through a Taverne with
Remorse, as wee had read the Alcharon,
And made it our best Faith.

Meag. And abstaine flesh,
As if our English Beefe were all reserv'd
For Sacrifice.

Pert.

The Wits.

Pert. Whilst *Colon* keeps more noyse
Than *Mainers* at Playes, or *Apple-wives*
That wrangle for a *Sire*!

Meag. Contribute, come!

To: Pallat. Stand there close on you lives! here in this house!

Lives a rich old *Hen*, whose young *Eggs*, (though not
Of her owne laying) I have in the Embers!

Shee may prove a *Morsell* for a discrete Mouth,

If the kind *Fares* have but the leisure to

Betray the old one. *Pert. Pallatine.*

No plots upon generation; wee two

Have fasted so long, that wee cannot thinke

Of begetting any thing, unless

Like *Cannibals*, wee might eat our owne Issue.

To: Pallat. I say close; shrinke in your Morions! goe!

Meager. Why hidden thus? a *Souldier* may appeare.

To: Pallat. Yes in a *Sutlers Hur* on the *Pay-day*:

But doe you know the silence of this house,

The gravity and awe? here dwels a *Lady*,

That hath not seene a street, since good *King Harry*

Cald her to a *Masque*: shee is more devout

Then a *Weaver* of *Banbury*, that hopes

T' intice Heaven (by singing) to make him Lord

Of twenty *Loomes*. I never saw her yet:

And to arrive at my preferment first,

In your sweet company will (I take it)

Add but little to my hopes. Retire! goe!

They step aside, whilst he calls betwene the Hangings

Pert. We shall obey, but doe not tempe us now

With sweet meates for the neather *Pallat*! doe not—

To: Pallat. VVhat *Lucy*! *Lucy*! now is the old *Beldame*

Misleading her to a *Cushion*; where she

Must pray, and sigh, and fast, untill her knees

Grow smaller then her *Knockles*. *Lucy! Lucy,*

No hope! she is undone! shee number o're

As many *Orisons*, as if she had

A *Bushell* of *Beades* to her *Rosary*!

Lucy! my *Aprill* love! my *Mistresse* speake!—

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. *Pallatine*, for Heavens sake keepe in your voice!

The Will.

My cruell Aunt will heare; and I am lost.

To: Pallat. VVhat can she heare, when her old eares are stuff'd
With as much warme waxe, as will scale nine Leases?
What a pox does she listning upon earth?
Is't not time for her t' affect privacy?
To creepe into a close darke Vault, there gossip
With wormes, and such small tame creatures, as Heaven
Provided to accompany old People?

Lucy. Still better'd unto worse! but that my heart
Consents not to disfigure thee, thou wouldst be torne
To peeces numberlesse as sand, or as
The doubts of guilt, or love, in Cowards are!

To: Pal. How now *Luce*! from what strange coast this storm! hah!

Lucy. Thou dost out-drinke the youth of *Norway* at
Their Marriage feasts, out-sweare a puny Gamster
When his first misfortune rages out quarrell,
One that rides post, and is stopt by a Cart:
Thy walking houres are later in the night,
Then those which Drawers, Traytors, or Constables
Themselves doe keepe; for VVarchmen know thee better
Then their Lanthorne! and here's your Surgeons Bill,
Your kind thrift (I thanke you) hath sent it me
To pay, as if the poore exhibition
My Aunt allows for Aprons, would maintaine
You in Seareclothes. — Gives him a paper.

Meager. Can the Daughters of *Brabant*
Talk thus when *Yunker-gheek* leads'em to a Stove?

Pers. I say (*Meager*) there is a small parcell
Of Man, that rebels more then all the rest
Of hisbody, and I shall need (if I
Stay here) no Elixer of Beefe to exalt
Nature, though I were leaner then a groat!

To: Pallat. This Surgeon's a Rogue (*Luce*) a fellow *Luce*
That hath no more care of a Gentlemans
Credit, then of the Lint, he hath twice us'd!

Lucy. VVell Sir, but what's that Instrument he names?

To: Pall. He writes down here for a toole of Injection.

Luce, a small water Engine which I bought
For my Taylors Child to squirt at Prentises!

Lucy. I Sir, he sins more against wit then Heaven,

That

The Wits.

That knowes not how t^e excuse what he hath done !
I shall be old at twenty *Pallasine*,
My griefe to see thy manners, and thy mind
Hath wrought so much upon my heart !

To: Pallas. I'de as live keepe our Marriage Supper
In a Churchyard, and beget our Children
In a Coffin, as heare thee prophesie ;
Luce, thou art drunke *Luce*; farre gone in Almond Milke,
Kisse me ! —

Pert. Now I dissolve like an Eringo ?

Meager. He's ploughing o'the Indies, good Gold appeare !

To: Pallas. I am a new man *Luce*; thou shalt find me
In a Geneva-band, that was reduc'd
From an old Alder-mans Cuffe; no more haire left
Then will shakele a flea; this debash'd Whineyard,
I will reclaime to comely Bow and Arrowes,
And shoot with Haberdashers at *Finsbury*,
And be thought the Grand-child of *Adam-Bell* !
And more (my *Luce*) hang at my velvet Girdle,
A Booke wrapp'd in a greene Dimity Bagge,
And squire thy untooth'd Aunt to an exercise.

Lucey. Nothing but strict Lawes, and age will tame you.

To: Pallas. What money hast thou *Luce* ?

Lucey. I there's your busines.

To: Pallas. It is the busines of the world : Injuries grow
To get it, Iustice sits for the same end;
Men are not wise without it; for it makes
Wisedome knowne; and to be a Foole, and poore,
Is next t^e old Aches and bad Fame; tis worse
Than to have six new Creditors, they each
Twelve Children, and not bread enough to make
The Landlord a Toft, when hee calls for Ale
And Rent. Think on that, and rob thy Aunts Trunks
Ere shee hath time to make an Inventory.

Pert. A cunning Pioner! hee works to th^e bottome.

Lucey. Hast thou no taste of Heav'n? wert thou begot
In a Prison, and bred up in a Galley ?

To: Pallas. *Luce*! I speake like one that hath seene the Booke
Of Fate: I'm loath (for thy sake) to mount a Coach
With two wheel'es; whilst the Damzels of the Shop

The Wins.

Cry out, A goodly strait chin'd Gentleman!
Hee dyes, for robbing an Attornies Cloak-bag
Of Copper-seales, foules Night-caps, together
With his wives Bracelet of Mill-Testers!

Lucy. There Sir! —

Flings him a Purse.

Tis gold! my Pendants, Carcanets, and Rings,
My Christning Caudle-cup, and Spoons
Are dissolv'd into that Lump. Nay, take all!
And with it as much anger as would make
Thy Mother write thee illegitimate!
See me no more! I will not stay to blesse
My gift; lest I should teach my patience suffer
Till I convert it into Sin.

Exit.

To: Pallat. Temptations will not thrive. This Bagadge sleeps
Crosse legg'd, and the Devill has no more power
O're that charme, than dead Men o're their lewd Heires.
I must marry her, and spend my revenue
In Cradles, Pins, and Sope! That's th'end of all
That scape a deepe River, and a tall Bough.

Meag. *Pallatine!* How much?

Pert. Honorable *Pall!*

To: Pallat. Gentlemen, you must accept without gaging
Your corporall Oathes, to repay in three dayes!

Pert. Not wee (*Pall*) in three Iubilies, feare not!

To: Pallat. Nor shall you charge mee with loud vehemence
(Thrice before company) to wait you in
My chamber such a night; for then, a certaine
Drover of the South comes to pay you money!

Meag. On our new Faithes!

Pert. On our Allegiance *Pall!*

To: Pall. Go then! — shift, and brush your skins well, d'you hear!
Meet me at the new Play; faire, and perfum'd!
There are strange words hang on the lips of Rumor!

Pert. Language of joy deere *Pall!*

To: Pallat. This day is come

To Towne, the Minion of the womb (my Lads)
My elder Brother, and hee moves like some
Assyrian Prince, his Chariots measure Leagues
Witty, as youthfull Poets in their wine!
Bold as a Centaure at a Peast, and kind

The Wits.

As Virgins that were nere beguild with love !
I seeke him now, meet and triumph !

Mauger, King Pall ! — *Exeunt Omnes.*
{ Pert.

Enter Sir Morglay Thwack, Eld. Pallatine, new and
richly clothed, buttoning themselves.

Eld. Pallat. Sir Morglay ! come ! the houres have wings, and you
Are growne too old, r'ovetake them : The Towne
Lookes (me thinks) as it would invite the Countrey
To a Feast.

Thwack. At which Serjeants and their Yeomen
Must be no Waiters (*Pallatine*) lest some
O'the Guests pretend busines : how dost like me ?

Eld. Pallat. As one, old women shall no more avoid,
Then they can warme Furs or Muscadell !

Thwack, Pallatine ! to have a volatile Ache,
That removes ofner then the Tartars Campe ;
To have a flish that sucks a man awry,
Till he shew crooked as a Chestnut Bough,
Or stand in the deform'd Guard of a Fencer ;
To have these hid in Flesh, that has liv'd sinfull
Fifty long yeares ; yet husband, so much strength
As could convey mee hither, fourscore Miles
On a disigne of Wit, and glory may
Be Registred for a strange Northerne Act.

Eld. Pallat. I cannot boast those Noble Malladies
As yet ; but Time (deare Knight) as I have heard,
May make mans knowledge bold upon himselfe.
We travell in the grand cause ! These smooth Rags,
These Jewels too, that seeme to smile & yet they
Betray, are certaine silly snares, in which
Your Lady-wits, and their wile Compeers-Male
May chance be caught !

Enter Young Pallatine.
To: Pallat. Your welcome (Noble Brother)
Must be hereafter spoke, for I have lost
With glad haste to find you, much of my Breath ! —

Eld. Pallat. Your joy becomes you, it hath Courtship in't !

To: Pallat. Sir Morglay Thwack ! I did expect to see
The Archer Cimbeline, or old King Lud

Advance

Advance his Fauchion here agen, e're you
'Mongst so much smoke, diseases, Law, and noyse!

Thwack. What your Towne gets by mee, let 'um lay up
For their Orphans, and Record in their Annals!
I come to borrow where Ile never lend,
And buy what Ile never pay for.

To: Pallat. Not your Debts?

Thwack. No Sir, though to a poore Brownists widdow!
Though shee sigh all night, and have the next morning
Nothing to drinke, but her owne Teares.

Eld. Pallat. Nor shalt thou lend money to a sick friend,
Though the sad worme ly morgag'd in his bed
For the hire of his Sheets.

To: Pallat. These are Resolves, now
That give mee newer wonder than your Cloathes;
Why in such shining Trim, like Men that come
From rifled Tents, loaden with victory?

Eld. Pal. Yes Brother, or like eager heires new dipp'd
In Inke, that seal'd the day before in haste,
Lest Parchment should grow deere. Know Youth wee come
To be the businesse of all Eyes, to take
The wall of our St. George on his Feast day!

Thwack. Yes, and then imbarke at Dover, and doe
The like to St. Dennis: All this (young Sir)
Without charge too; I meane, to us; wee bring
A humerous odd Phyllofophy to Towne
That sayes, pay nothing!

To: Pal. Why, where have I liv'd?
Eld. Pal. Brother be calme, and edifie! But first
Receive a Principle, never hereafter
(From this warme breathing, till your last cold sigh)
Will I disburse for you agen; Never!

To: Pal. Brother mine, if that be your Argument,
I deny the Maior! *Thwack.* Resist Principles?

El. Pal. Good faith, though you should send me more Epistles
Than young Factors in their first voyage write
Vnto their short hair'd Friends, than absent Lovers
Pen neere their Maringe weeke, t'excuse the slow
Arrivall of the License, and the Ring,
Not one clipped penny should depart my reach.

To: Pal. This Doctrine will not passe, how shall I live?

Elder

The Wits.

Eld. Pall. As we intend to doe, by our good wits!

To: Pall. How, Brother, how?

Eld. Pall. Truth is a pleasant knowledge;
Yet you shall have her cheape, Sir *Morglay* here,
(My kind Disciple) and my selfe, have leas'd
Our all our Rents and Lands for pious uses!

To: Pall. What, *Co-founders*! give Legacies ere death!
Pallatine the pious, and *Sr Morglay*!
Your names will sound but ill in Kallender.
How long must this fierce raging zeale continue?

Eld. Pall. Till we subsist here no more by our wit,
Then weele renounce the Towne, and patiently
Vouchsafe to reassume our Mother Earth,
Lead on our Ploughs into their rugged walkes
Agen, grope our young Heifers in the flanke,
And swagger in the wooll, wee shall borrow
From our owne flocks. *Thwack*. But ere we goe, we may
From the vast treasure purchas'd by our wit,
Leave heere some Monument to speake our Fame.

I have a strong mind to reedifie
The decayes of *Fleet-Ditch*, from whence I heare
The roaring *Vessels* late are fled, through heat
Of persecution. *To: Pal.* What a small star have I,
That never yet could light mee to this way!
Live by our wits?

El. Pall. So live, that *Usurers*,
Shall call their Moneys in, remove their Banke
T' Ordinaries, Spring-garden, and Hide-parke,
Whilst their glad Sons are left seven for their chance,
At Hazard, Hundred, and all made at Sent;
Three motly Cocks o'th right Derby straine,
Together with a Foale of *Beggibrigge*!

Thwa. Sir, I will match my Lord Maiors horse, make *lockeys*
Of his Hench-boyes, and run 'em through Cheap-side.

Eld. Pallat. What beauties Girles of feature governe now
I'th towne? tis long since wee did traffique here,
In midnight whispers, when the Dialect
Of Loves loose Wit, is frighted into signes,
And secret laughter stifled into smiles:
When nothing's loud but the old Nurses Cough!
Who keeps the Game up, hah! who missed now?

The Wits.

Thwack. Not Sir, that if wee woode, wee be at charge
For Looks; or if wee marry, make a *Leynure*,
Entaile Land on women? entaile a *Back*,
And so much else of Man, as *Nature* did
Provide for the first wife. *Eld. Pallat.* I could keepe thee,
Thy future Pride, thy Sursets, and thy Lust,
(I meane, in such a garb as may become
A *Christian Gentleman*) with the sole Tithe
Of *Tribute*, I shall now receive from Ladies.

Thwack. Your Brother, and my selfe have seal'd to *Covenants*;
The Female Youth o'th towne are his; but all
From forty to fourscore, mine owne: A widow
(You'l say) is a wise, solemne, wary Creature;
Though she hath liv'd to'th cunning of dispatch,
Clos'd up nine Husbands eies, and have the wealth
Of all their *Testaments*, in one Month Sir,
I will waste her to her first Wedding-smock,
Her single Ring, Bodkin, and Velvet-Muffe.

To: Pallat. Your Rents expos'd at home, for Pious uses
Must expiate your behaviour here; Tell mee,
Is that the subtil plot you have on *Heaven*?

Thwack. The worm of your worships conscience would appear
As big as a *Conger*, but a good eye
May chance to find it slender as a *Grigge*!

To: Pallat. Amazement knowes no ease, but in demands,
Pray tell mee Gentlemen, to all this vaste
Disignment (which so strikes my Eare) deduct
You nought from your revenue, nought that may
Like Fuell, feed the flame of your expense?

Eld. Pall. Brother, not so much as will find a *Jew*
Bacon to his Egges: These gay tempting Weeds,
These Easterne stones of cunning foile, bespoke
Gainst our arrivall here, together with
A certaine stock of Crownes in eithers purse,
Is all the charge that from our proper owne,
Begins or furthers the magnifiquie plot,
And of these Crownes, not one must be usurp'd
By you. *Thwack.* No reliefe, but *Wir* and good Counsell!

Eld. Pallat. The stock my Father left you, if your care
Had purpos'd so discreet a course might well

Have

The Wits.

Have set you up with Trade, but we spend light!
Our Coach is yet unwheel'd, Sir *Morglay*, come,
Lets sute those *Friesland* horse with our owne straine!

To: Pallat. Why Gentlemen, will the disigne keepe horses?

Thwack. May be Sir they shall live by their Wits too!

To: Pall. Their Masters are bad *Tutors* else; well, how
You'l worke the Ladies, and weake Gentry here
By your fine gilded Pills, a Faith that is
Not old may guesse without distrust. But Sirs,
The Citty (take't on my experiment)

Will not be gull'd! *Thwack.* Not gull'd? they dare not be
So impudent! I say they shall be gull'd,
And trust, and breake, and pawne their *Charter* too!

To: Pallat. Is it lawfull (Brother) for me to laugh
That have no money? *Eld. Pallat.* Yes Sir, at your selfe!

To: Pallat. Two that have tasted *Natures* kindnesse Arts,
And men, have shind in moving Camps; have seene
Courts in their solemne businesse, and vaine pride;
Convers'd so long in towne here, that you know
Each Signe, and Pibble in the streets; for you
(After a long retirement) to lease forth

Your wealthy pleasant Lands, to feed *John Cramp*,
The Cripple, *Widow Needy*, and *Abraham*
Sloth, the *Beads-man* of *More-dale*? Then (forsooth)
Perfwade your selves to live here by your Wits.

Thwack. Where wee nere cheated in our Youth, we resolve
To couzen in our Age. *Eld. Pallat.* Brother, I came
To be your wise example in the Arts
That lead to thriving glory, and supream life;
Not through the humble wayes wherein dull Lords
Of Lands, and Sheepe doe walke; Men that depend
On the fantastick winds on fleeting Clouds,
On seasons more uncertaine than themselves,
When they would hope or feare; But you are warme
In anothers silke, and make your time ease
Virtue, call it content, and quietnesse!

Thwack. Write Letters to your Brother (do!) and be
Forsworne, in every long *Parentthesis*,
For twenty pound sent you in *Butchers* silver!

Eld. Pall. Rebukes are precious! cast them not away!

The Wits.

To: Pall. Neither of these Philosophers were borne
To above five Senses; why then should they
Have hope, to doe things greater, and more new
I'ch world, than I? This Devill Plenty thrusts
Strange boldnesse upon Men! well, you may laugh
With so much violence, till it consume
Your breath! Though fullen want, the Enemy
Of Wit, have sunke her low; if pregnant Wine
Can raise her up, this day she shall be mine. *Exit.*

ACT. 2. SCENE. I.

Enter the Lady Ample, Engine, Ginet.

Ampl. My Guardian hors'd? this evening say st thou *Engine*?

Engin. It's an houre (Madam) since hee smelt the Towne?

Ampl. Saw'st thou his slender empty leg in th' Stirrop?

His Iv'ry Box on his smooth Ebon staffe

New civitted, and tyed to's gouty wrist?

With his warp'd face close button'd in his Hood,

That Men may take him for a Monke disguis'd,

And fled post from a Pursuant!

Engin. (Madam) beware I pray, lest th' Age and cunning

Hee is Master of, prepare you a Revenge,

And such as your fine wit shall here inreat

Your patience to digest. To morrow night

Th'extreamest Minute of your Wardship is

Expir'd, and wee Magicians of the house

Believe this hasty Journey hee hath tane

Is to provide a Husband for your sheets!

Ampl. And such a one, as judgement and nine Eies

Must needs dislike, that's composition may

Grow up to his owne thrifty wish. *Eng.* Madam.

Your Arrow was well aym'd; I call him Master,

But I am Servant unto Truth, and You.

Ampl. He chuse a Husband, fit to guide, and sway

My Beauties wealthy Dowry, and my heart?

He make Election to delight my selfe;

What composition strictest Lawes will give;

His Guardianship may take from the rich Banke

My

The Will.

My Father left, and not devour my Land.

Ginet. Your Ladyship has liv'd six yeares beneath
His rooffe, therefore may guesse the colour
Of his heart, and what his braines doe weigh.
But *Engine* (Madam) is your humble Creature.

Ampl. I have bounty, *Engine*!
And thou shalt largely taste it, when the next
Faire Sun is set, for then my Wardship ends— *Knocking within.*
That speaks command, or hast open the doore.

Enter Lucy.
Lucy! weeping my wench? melting thine Eies,
As they had trespass'd against light, and thou
Wouldst give them darknesse for a punishment.

Lucy. Vndone (Madam) without all hope, but what
Your pitty will vouchsafe to minister

Ampl. Hast thou been struck by infamy? or com'st
A Mourner from the Funerall of Love?

Lucy. I am the Mourner, and the Mournd; dead to
My selfe; but left not rich enough to buy a Grave:
My cruell Aunt hath banish'd me her Rooffe,
Expos'd me to the night, the winds, and what
The raging Elements on wanders lay,
Left naked, as first Infancie or Truth.

Ginet. I could nere indure that old moist ey'd Lady
Me thought she pray'd too oft. *Ampl.* A meere receipt
To make her long winded, which our devour
Phisicians now prescribe to defer death.

But *Lucy*, can she urge no cause for this
Strange wrath, that you would willingly conceale

Lucy. Suspitions of my Chastity; which heaven
Must needs resist as false; though she accus'd
Mee even in dreame, where thoughts commit by chance,
Not Aperite. *Ampl.* What ground had her suspect?

Lucy. Young *Pallatine* (that woo'd my heart untill
Hee gather'd Fondnesse where hee planted Love)
Was false into such want, as eager blood,
And Youth could not endure, and keepe the Lawes
Inviolat. I to prevent my feare,
Sold all my Jewels, and my trifling wealth
Bestow'd them on him; and she thinks a more

The Wits,

Vnholy consequence attends the guift.

Ampl. This *Luze*, is fuch Apoftracie in War,
As *Nature* must degrade her felfe in woman to
Forgive? Shall *Love* put thee to charge? couldst thou
Permit thy *Lover* to become thy *Penfioner*?

Engin. Her fence will now be tickled till it ake!

Ampl. Thy feature and thy wit, are wealth enough
To keepe thee high in all thefe vanities
That wilde ambition, or expenfive pride
Performe in youth; but thou invertst their ufe
Thy *Lover* like the foolifh *Adamant*,
The Steele; thou fiercely doft allure, and draw,
To fpend thy virtue, not to get by it.

Lucy. This Doctrine (*Madam*) is but new to mee.

Ampl. How have I liv'd thinkst thou? e'en by my Wits!

My Guardians contribution gave us Gownes;
But cut from th' curtaines of a Cariers bed:
Jewels wee wore, but fuch as Potters wives
Bake in the Furnace for their daughters wrifts!
My womans Smock's fo coarse, as they were fpin
O'th tackling of a Ship. *Ginet.* A Coat of *Male*
Quilted with Wyre, was foft farinet to 'um.

Ampl. Our dyet, fcarfe fo much as is prefcrib'd
To mortifize; Two Egges of Emmets poach'd
A fingle Bird no bigger than a Bee,
Made up a Feaft. *Ginet.* He had start'd me, but that
The Green-fickneffe tooke away my ftomack!

Ampl. Thy difeafe (*Ginet*) made thee in love with Morter,
And tho' eatst him up two foot of an old wall!

Engin. A priviledge my Mafter onely gave
Vnto her teeth, none elfe o'th houfe durst do't.

Ampl. When (*Lucy*) I perceiv'd this ftrain'd life,
Nature (my *Steward*) I did call t'acompt,
And tooke from her *Exchequer* fo much Wit
As has maintain'd mee fince. I led my fine
Trim bearded Males in a fmall fubtle ftring
Of my foft haire; made 'um to offer up,
And bow, and laugh'd at the Idolatry.

Ginet. A jewell for a kiffe, and that halfe ravish'd.

Lucy. I feele I am inclin'd t'indeavour in
A Calling (*Madam*) I'd be glad to live!

Ampl.

The Wits.

Ample. Know (*Lucs*) this is no Hospitall for Fooles !
My Bed is yours, but on condition *Lucs*,
That you redeeme the Credit of your Sex ;
That you beginne to tempe, and when the snare
Hath caught the Fowle, you plume him till you get
More feathers then you lost to *Pallatine*.

Lucy. I shall not waste my houres in winding Silke,
Or shealing Pefcods with your Ladiship !

Ampl. Frosts on my heart ! what ? give unto a Suitor !
Know ? I would faine behold, that silly Monarch,
(Bearded Man !) that durst wooe mee with halfe
So impudent a hope ! *Eng.* Madam, you are
Not farre from the possession of your wish,
There is no language heard, no businesse now
In towne, but what proclaimes th' arrivall hacre
(This morne) of th' elder *Pallatine*, Brother
To him you nam'd, and with him such an old
Imperiall buskin Knight as th' Isle nere saw.

Ampl. What's their designe ? *Eng.* They wil immure th' selves
With Diamonds, with all resugent Stones,
That merit price : aske 'em who payes ? why Ladies !
They'le feast with rich Provinciall vvines, who payes ?
Ladies. They'le shine in various habit, like
Eternall Bridegromes of the day, aske 'em
VWho payes ? Ladies. Lie with those Ladies too,
And pay 'em but with Issue-Male, that shall
Inherit nothing but their witt, and doe
The like to Ladies, when they grow to age.

Lucs. My eares receiv'd a taste of them before.

Ampl. *Engine*, how shall we see them ? blesse me, *Engine*,
With thy kind voyce. *Eng.* Though Miracles are ceas'd,
This (Madam's) in the power of Thought, and Time.

Ampl. I would kisse thee *Engine*, but for an odd
Nice humour in my lips ; they blister at
Inferiour breath ! This Ring ; and all my hopes
Are thine ; deare *Engine* now project, and live !

Ginet. Ide loose my V Vedding to behold these Dagonets !

Ample. My Guardean's out o' Towne ! let us triumph
Like *Casars*, till to morrow night ! thou knowst
I'm then no more o'th Family ! I would

Like

The Wits.

Like a departing Lampe) before I leave

You in the darke, spread in a glorious blaze!

Engin. Madam, command the Keyes, the house, and me.

Ampl. Spoke like the bold *Copernicus's* Son!

Let us contrive within to tempt 'um hither:

Follow my *Luce*, restore thy self to Fame! — *Ex. Eng. Ampl. Gin.*

*Young Pallatine beckens Lucy from between
the Hangings, as shee is going.*

To: Pall: *Luce! Luce!*

Lucy. Death on my Eyes! how came you hither?

To: Pallat. I'm *Luce*, a kind of peremptory Fly,

Shift houses still to follow the Sun-beames!

I must needs play in the flames of thy beauty!

Lucy. Y'have us'd me with a Christian care, have you not?

To: Pallat. Come I know all! I have been at thy Aunts house,

And there committed more disorder than

A storme in a Ship, or a Canon Bullet

Shot through a Kirchin among shelves of Pewter.

Lucy. This madnesse is not true I hope! *To: Pal.* Yes Faith.

Witness a shower of Malmsey Lees, drop'd from

Thy Aunts owne Vrinall, on this new Morion! —

Lucy. Why you have seene her then?

To: Pallat. Yes, and shee lookes like the old Slut of *Babylon*

Thou hast read of. I told her she must dye,

And her beloved Velvet-Hood be fold

To some Dutch Brewer of *Ratcliffe*, to make

His *You Frome* slippers.

Lucy. Speake low! I am deprived

By thy rash wine of all atonement now,

Vnto her after Legacies or Love!

To: Pallat. My *Luce!* be magnifi'd! I am all plot!

All Stratagem! My Brother is in towne;

My Lady *Ample's* Fame hath caught him Girle:

I'm told he meanes an instant visit hither.

Lucy. What happinesse from this?

To: Pallat. As hee departs

From hence, I have laid two Instruments, *Meager*

And *Pert*, that shall encounter his long eares:

With tales lesse true than those of *Troy*, they shall

Endanger him maugre his active wits,

And

The Will.

And mount thee little *Luce*, that thou mayst reach
To dandle *Fats*, to sooth them till they give
Vs leave to make, or alter destinies!
Luce. You are too lowd! whisper your plots within. *Exeunt*

Enter Engin, Elder Pallatins, Thwack.

Engin. You call, and governe Gentlemen, as if
Your businesse were above your haste, but know
You where you are?

Eld. Pallat. Sir *Tyrant Thrift* dwels here!
The Lady *Ample* is his Ward; shes in
Within, and wee must see her, No excuses!
Shee is not old enough to be lock'd up
To fey new *Parishes*, or purge for *Rhimes*.

Thwack. Tell her, that a young devout Knight, made gray
By a charme (to avoid temptation in others)
Would speake with her. *Engin*. I shall deliver you both,
These Tygers hunt their pray with a strange Nostrill!
Come unsent for so aptly to our wish? — *Exit.*

Eld. Pallat. But this Sir *Marglay* will not doe, In troth
You breake our *Covenants*. *Thwack*. Why heare me plead!

Eld. Pallat. From forty to fourscore, the written Law
Runs so; this Lady's in her Monage yet,
And you go peesse into my company
Where visitations are decreed mine owne,
Argues a heat that my rebukes must coole.

Thwa. What should I doe wouldst have me keepe my chamber
And mend *Dark Lampbrins*; invent Steele *Adarcks*,
Or weigh *Gun powder*, solitude leads mee
To nothing lesse than Treason; I shall conspire
To dig, and blow up all rather than sit still.

Eld. Pallat. Follow your Tasket you see how early I
Have found this young *Inheratiss*, goe seeke
The aged ones *Buses*, unto *Buses*! Like *Cards*
Ill pack'd, shuffe your selves together till
You each dislike the game! *Thwack*. Tis the cause I
Come for; a wither'd Mid-wife, or a Nurse
Who draws her lips together, like an eye
That gives the cautionary winke, are those
I would find here; so they be rich, and fat! —

Enter Ginet.
Ginet. My Lady understands your haste, and she
 Her selfe, consults now in affaires of haste,
 But yet will hastily approach, to see
 You Gentlemen, and then in haste returne!

Eld. Pall. What's this the Supercription of a Packet?

Thwack. Now does my blood wamble! you! Sucker eater!

Eld. Pall. These Covenants (Knight) will never be observ'd,
 It's sue the forsciture, leave you to poore
 Till for preferment you become an Honour'd
 And sing a Treble; in a Chantry, Knight.

Enter Ample, Lucy, Ginet, Elder Pallatine, and Thwack.

Ample. Stay Gentlemen! good foules! they have scene (Lucy)
 The Country Turtles bill, and thinke our lipps
 It's Towne, and Court, are worne for the same use.

Lucy. Pray how doe the Ladies there? poore Villagers
 They churme still, keepe their Dayles, and say up
 For Imbroidered Mantles, against the Hoires birth!

Ample. Who is begot it's Christmas Holydaies.

Eld. Pall. Yes surely, when the Spitt of Mince Pie
 Raignes in the blood.

Ample. What? pring! O! I hope's
 In fashion yet, and the trecherous foer
 Not wanting on the Table frame to jogge
 The Husband, lest he lose the Noble thar
 Should pay the Grocers Man, for Spice and Fruit!

Lucy. The good old Butler shares too, with his Lady
 In the Box, baring for Candles that were burnt
 After the Clocke struck Ten.

Thwack. He doth indeed,
 Poore Country Madams th'art in Subjection still,
 The beasts their husbands make 'em sit on three
 Legg'd stooles, like homely Daughters of an Hospitall,
 To knic sockes for their doven feet.

Eld. Pallat. And when these Tirant Husbands too, grow old
 (As they have still th'impudence to live long)
 Good Ladies they are fine to waste the sweet
 And pleasant seasons of the day, in boyling
 Iellies for them, and rowling little Pills.

Of Cambrick Lint to stuff their hollow teeth,
Lucy. And then the Evenings (wasn't yee) they spend
 With another Spectacle the Gutsa Wife,
 Who does inveigh 'gainst curling and dyed Cheekes,
 Heaves her devout impatient nose at oyle
 Of *Ioffamin*, and thinks powder of *Paris* more
 Prophane then th'ashes of a Romish Martyr.

Ample. And in the dayes of joy, and triumph Sir,
 Which come as Seldome to them as new gownes
 Then humble wretches, they doe friske and dance
 In narrow Parlors, to a single Fiddle,
 That squeakes fourth tunes, like a departing Pigge.

Lucy. Whilst the mad Hinds, shake from their feet more dirt
 Then did the Cedar-Rootes, that danc'd to *Orpheus*.

Ample. Doe they not powre their wine too, from an Ewre;
 Or small guilt Cruce, like Orange-water kept
 To sprinkle holly day Beards?

Lucy. And when a Stranger comes, send seven miles post
 By Moone-shine, for another pint?

Eld. Pallat. All these indeed are heavy truthe, but what
 Doe you (th'exemplar Madams of the Towne?)
 Play away your youth, as our hasty Gamblers
 Their light Gold, not with desire to lose it,
 But in a fond mistake that it will fit
 No other use? *Thwack.* And then reserve your age

As superstitious Sinners, ill got wealth
 Perhaps for'th Church, perhaps for Hospitals.

Eld. Pallat. If rich you come to Court, there learne to beem
 At charge to teach your Paraquetto's French,
 And then allow them their Interpreters,
 Least the Sage Fowle should lose their wisdom on
 Such Pages of the presence, and the Guard
 As have not past the Seas. *Thwack.* But if y'are poore,

Like wanton Monckies, chain'd from Fruit,
 You feede upon the itch of your owne Tails:

Lucy. Rose-Vineger to wash that Russians mouth!

Ampl. They come to live here by their Wits, let them use 'em!

Lucy. They have so few, and those they spend so fast,
 They will leave none remaining to maintaine them.

Eld. Pallat. You shall maintaine us; a communitie

The subtle have decodred of this: You shall not find
 Endowments with your Bodie, and your Goods;
 Yet use no manacles cald dall Matrimony
 To oblige affection against with Nature
 Where it is lost (perhaps) through a disparity
 Of yeares, or justly through distaste of crimes.

Ampl. Most excellent Resolves.

Eld. Pallat. But if you need marry,

Expect not a single *Purse* for a *Countie*;
 Not so much Land as will allow a *Grasshopper*

A Salad! *Thw.* I would no more doubt to enjoy
 You two in all variety of wishes,

(Were not for certaine Covenants that I lately
 Sign'd to in my drink) then I would *stare* *Wares*

In a small *Poe*, or a cast *Corpsall*. *Ampl.* You would not!

Thwack. But looke to your old *Widowes*!

There my title's good; see they be rich too;
 Lest I shall leave their *Twins* upon the *Paige*,

To whom the Deputy o'th *Ward* will deny
 Blew *Coures* at *Eastern*, Leaves at *Panemula*,

Cause they were Sons of an old *Countrey* *Wile*!

Ampl. Why all for *Widowes* Sir, can nothing that
 Is young affect your mouldy appetite?

Thw. No in sooth, *Daniels* at your yeares are wont
 To talke too much over their *Charmes*,

They can't fare well, but all the *Towne* must heart
 Their love's so full of prayles, and so loud,

A man may with lesse noyse, lye with a *Drum*!

Ampl. Thinke you so Sir?

Thw. Give me an old widow that commits Sin
 With the gravity of a corrupt *Iodge*,

Accepts of Benefits ith *darke*, and can
 Conceale them from the light. — *Ampl. takes Elder Pall apart.*

Ampl. Pray Sir allow mee but your care aside!
 Though this rude *Clims* *th* *Clough*, presume

In his desires more than his strength can justifye,
 You should have nobler kindnesse than to thinke

All Ladies rellish of an appetite,
 Bad as the worst your evil chance hath found.

Eld. Pallat. All are alike to mee: at least, I'll make

Them

The Wills.

Them so, with thin persuasions, and a short
Expende of time.

Ample. Then I have cast away
My sight; my eyes have look'd themselves into
A strong disease, but they shall bleed for it.

Eld. Pal. Twofold Lady mine, I find small remedy!

Ample. Why came you hither Sir, she that shall sigh
Her easie spirits into wind for you,
Must not have hope the kindnesse of your breath
Will ere recover her.

Lucy. What doe I heare? *Hyman* defend?
But three good corners to your little heart,
And two already broyling on Loves Altar?
Does this become her *Giner*, speake?

Giner. As age, and halfe a smock would become me.

Thwack. Th'ast caught her *Pallatine*; insinuate Rogue?—

Lucy. Love him, you must recant, or the small God
And I shall quarrell, when wee meet i'th Clouds.

Thwack. Slight, see how she stands, speake to her.

Eld. Pal. Peace Knight! it is apt cunning that we goe;
Disdaine is like to water pour'd on Ice,
Quenches the flame a while to raise it higher.

Lucy. *Engine* shew them their way. ——— *Enter Engine.*

Engine. It lies here Gentlemen!—

Eld. Pal. There needs small summons, we are gone! but d'you hear,
We will receive no Letters, we, though sent
By'th incorporall spy your Dwarfie, or *Audrey*
Of the Chamber, that would deliver them
With as much caution, as they were Attachments
Upon money newly paid. *Thwack.* Nor no message

From the old Widdow your Mother (if you
Have one) no, though she send for me when she
Is giving up her testy Ghost; and lies
Halfe drown'd in Rhume, those floods of Rhume, in which
Her Maids doe daily dive to seeke the Teeth
She cough'd out our list. ——— *Exeunt Engine, Eld. Pal. Thwack.*

Lucy. Last! good old Gentleman!
Wee shall see him shortly in as many Nightcaps,
As would make sick *Mahomet* a Turband
For the Winter. *Ampl.* Are they gone *Lucy*?

Lucy. Not like the houses, for they'll returne againe, of most
Ere long; O you carry'd your false love rarely! *Exeunt.*

Amp. How impudent these Country fellows are?

Lucy. He thinks you are caught; he has you between's teeth, and
And intends you for the very next bite. *Exeunt.*
He means to swallow. *Amp.* *Lucy,* I have a thousand thoughts
More than a Kerchiefe can keepe in: Quick Girl! *Exeunt.*
Let us consult, and thou shalt find what silly Snipes
These witty Gentlemen shall prove, and in
Their owne confession too, or I'll cry Flownders else,
And walke with my Pett-coat ruck'd up like
A long mayd of *Almainy.* *Exeunt.*

*Enter Yo: Pallating, Meager, Pert, the two last
being new cloth'd.*

Yo: Pall. Don *Meager*, and Don *Pert*, you neither found
These imbroaderd skins in your mothers womb:
Surely Natures Wardrobe is not thus lac'd!

Pert. We flourish *Pall*, by th' Charter of thy smiles,
A little magnify'd, with shew, and thought
Of our new plot. *Meag.* The chambers bravely hung!

Pert. To thy owne wish, a Bed and Canopy
Prepar'd all from our numbred pence; if it
Should faile, *Meager*, and I, must creep into
Our quondam rags, a transmigration *Pall*,
Which our Divinity can ill indure.

Meag. If I have more left t' maintaine a large stomacke,
And a long Bladder, than one comely Shilling,
Together with a single ounce of Hope;
I am the Son of a Carman. *Yo: Pall.* Doe you suspect my pro-
That am your Mint, your grand Exchequer? *(phacies,*

Pert. *Pall*, no suspitions *Pall*, but we that imbarque
Our whole stock in one vessell, would be glad
To have all Pyrats o'shore, and the winds
In a calme humor! *Meag.* How fares th'intelligence?

Yo: Pall. I left 'um at the Lady *Ample's* house
This street they needs must passe, if they reach home.

Pert. O I wouldaine project against the old Knight,
Can we not share him too? *Yo: Pall.* This wheele must move
Alone, Sir *Morglay Thwack's* too rugged yer,

He'd interrupt the course, a little more

O'th File, will smooth him fit to be screw'd up;

Perr. Shrike off *Pall*, I hear 'em!

(Enter Thwack, Elder Pallatide.)

Eld. Pall. Th' hast nor the art of patient leisure to

Attend the aptitude of things; wouldst thou

Run on like a rude Bull, on every object that

Doth beat the blood? this cunning abstinence

Will make her passions grow more violent;

Thwack. But *Pallatide*, I do not find I have

The cruelty, or grace, to let a Lady

Starve for a warm morsell. — *Perr. and Meager take the Elder Pal-*

latide. Now my fine *Perr.* still agitating *aside.*

Perr. Sir, we have business for your Eare; it may concern

Concerne you much, therefore tis fit to be

Particular. — *Eld. Pall.* From whom?

Meager. A young Lady, Sir,

It is a secret will exact much care

And wisdom i'th delivery; you should

D. sinisse that Gentleman — *Eld. Pallatide.* A young Lady! good!

All the best Stars i'th Firmament are mine

Our Coach attends us Knight i'th borome of

The hither street, you must goe home alone;

Thwack. Ile sooner kill a Serjeant, choose my lury

In the City, and be hang'd for a Taverne Bush!

Eld. Pall. Will't ruine all our destinies hath built?

Thw. Come, what are those fly silk-worms there that creep

So close into their wooll as they would spin

For none but their deare selves. I heard 'em name a Lady!

Eld. Pall. You heard them say then, she was young, and what

Our Covenants are, remember — *Thw.* Young, how young?

She left her Wormseed, and her Corall whistle

But a Month since: doe they meane to sell her?

Eld. Pall. *Meager*, our Covenants is all alike, he

Thw. May be shee hath a mind to mee, for there's

A reverend humor in the blood, which thou

Nere knewst; perhaps she would have Boyes begot

Should be deliver'd with long Beards, till thou'lt

Arrive at my full growth, thou'lt yield the world

Nought above Dwarfes, or Page.

Elder Pallat. Our Covenants still, I cry!
Thwack. Faith, I'll ride my Mule too morrow, and away
 To'th homely Village in the North!

Eld. Pall. Why so?

Thwack. Alas, these silly Covenants (you know)

I seal'd too in my drinke, and certaine feares

Lurke in a remote corner of my head,

That say the game will all be yours.

Eld. Pallat. But what successe canst thou expect, since we have
 Not yet enjoy'd the City's full day?

Thwack. I say, let me have Women; be these young,

Or old, *Grandam* or *Babe*, I must have Woman!

Eld. Pall. Carry but thy patience like a Gentleman,

And let mee singly manage this adventure,

It will too morrow cancell our old deeds,

And leave thee to subscribe to what thy free

Pleasure shall direct. *Thw.* Wee'll equally enjoy

Virgin, Wife, and Widow, the younger Kerchiefe with

The aged Hood. *Eld. Pall.* What I have said, if I had leisure now

I'd ratifie with oathes of thy owne chusing.

Thwack. Goel propagate! fill the shops with thy notch'd

Issue, that when our Money's spent, wee may

Be trusted, breake, and couz'n in our owne Tribe.

Eld. Pall. Leave me to fortune! *Thw.* D'you here *Pallatine*.

Perhaps this young Lady has a Mother! —

Eld. Pall. No more, good night! —

Exit Thwack.

I have obey'd you Gentlemen, no Bares

Are neere us, but our owne, what's your affaire!

Meag. Wee'll lead you to the Ladies Mansion Sir,

'Tis hard by. *Eld. Pall.* Hard by!

Peri. So neere, that if your Lungs be good,

You may spit thither: that is the house!

Eld. Pall. These appeare Gentlemen,

And of some rank! I will in! *Exeunt Eld. Pall. Meager. Peri.*

To. Pall. So, for the hooke has caught him by the Gills;

And it is fastned to a line will hold

You Sir, though your wits were stronger than your purse!

Sir *Morglay Thwack's* gone home; his lodging I

Have learn'd, and there are certaine Gins prepar'd,

In which his wary feete may chance to be

Insnar'd; though he could weare his Eyes upon his Toes!

I must

The Witt.

I must follow the game close. He is enter'd,
And ere this amaz'd, at the strange complexion
Of the house, but, 'twas the best our friendship
And our treasure could procure. *Exit.*

Eld. Pallatino, Meager, Pert, with Lights.

Eld. Pall. Gentlemen (if you please) lead me no further!
I have so little faith to believe this,
The Mansion of a Lady, that I thinke
'Tis rather the decays of hell; a sad
Retirement for the Fiend, to sleepe in when
Hee's sicke with drinking Sulphure.

Pert. Sir you shall see this upper roome is hung

Eld. Pall. With Cobwebs Sir, and those so large, they may in
Catch and ensnare Dragons instead of Flies.

Where sit a melancholly race of old
Norman Spyders, that came in with Conqueror

Meag. This chamber will refresh your Eyes, when you
Have cause to enter in: — *Leads him to look in 'tween the hangings.*

Eld. Pallat. A Bed, and Canopy
Ther's shew of entertainment there indeed;
There Lovers may have place to celebrate
Their warme wishes, and not take cold: but Gentlemen,
How comes the rest of this blind house so nak'd,
So ruinous, and deform'd? *Pert.* Pray Sir sit downe

If you have scene ought strange, or fit for wonder,
It but declares the hasty shifts, to which
The poore distressed Lady is expos'd,
In pursuit of your love. Shee hath good fame,
Great dignity and wealth; and would be loth
To cheapen these by making her dull family
Bold witnesses of her desires with you;
Therefore, 'avoyd suspicion, to this place,
Sh'ath sent part of her neglected Wardrobe.

Meag. And will ere Time growes older by an hower,
Guild all this homely furniture at charge
Of her owne Eies; her beames can doe it Sir!

Eld. Pallat. My manners will not suffer me to doubt!

Pert. Wee hope so too: besides though ev'ry one
That hath a heart of's owne, may thinke his pleasure;
We should be loth, your thoughts should throw mistakes

THE WIFE.

On us; that are the humble Ministers
Of your kind stars: for sure, though wee looke not
Like men that make Plantation on some Ile
That's uninhabited; yet you believe
We would teach Sex to mingle, to increase Men!

Meag. Squires of the Placket, wee know you thinke us.

Eld. Pall. Excuse my courage Gentlemen! good faith
I am not bold enough to thinke you for.

Pert. Nor will you yet be woo'd to such mistake?

Eld. Pall. Not all the Art, nor Flattery you have
Can render you to my beliefe worse than
My selfe: Panders, and Bawds, good Gentlemen
I shall be angry, if you perswade mee to
So vile a thought! *Pert.* Sir you have cause
And in good faith, if you should thinke us such,
Wee would make bold to cut that slender throat.

Eld. Pall. How Sir?

Pert. That very throat; through which the lusty Grape,
And favry Morrell in the Gamsters dish,
Steale downe to leasurely, with Kingly gulf!

Meag. Sir it should open wide, as the widest Oyster
I'th Venecian Lake! *Eld. Pall.* Gentlemen, it should!

It is a throat I can so little hide
In such a cause, that I would whet your Razor for't
On my owne shooe. *Pert.* Enough! you shall know all!
This Lady hath a Noble Mind; but tis
So much o'remastred by her blood, we feare
Nothing but death, of you can be her remedy!

Eld. Pallat. And she is young?

Meag. O las the April Bud!

Eld. Pall. 'Twere pittie faith, she should be cast away!

Pert. You have a soft, and blessed heart! and to
Prevent so sad a period of her sweet breath;
Our selves, this house, the habit of this roome,
The Bed within, and your faire person wee
Have all assembled in a trice. *Eld. Pall.* Sure Gentlemen,
In my opinion more could not bee done,
Were shee Inheretrix of all the East!

Pert. But Sir the excellence of your pure fame,
Hath given us boldnesse to make sure, that if

You can reclaim her appetite with chaste
And wholesome homilies; such Counsell as
Befits your knowne morality, you will
Be pleas'd to give her life, and not undo her honour?

Meag. We hope you will afford her Med'cine by
Your meeke and holy Lectures, rather than
From any manly exercise, for such
In troth Sir you appeare to our weak sight

Eld. Pall. Brothers, and friends a stile more distant now
Cannot be given: though you were in compasse
Thick, as the Aspes, I must embrace you both —
Y^e have hit the very Center, unto which
The toyles and comforts of my studies tend!

Pers. Ah! we throw our Arrow but by ayme!

Eld. Pall. Why Gentlemen I have converted more
Than ever Gold or Aeneid mislead;
I've Disciples of all degrees in Nature
From your little Puncke in Purple, to your
Tall Canvas Girdle, from your Sattin Slipper
To your Iron Pettin, and your Norway Shooe!

Pers. And can you mollifie the Mother Sir,
In a strong fit.

Eld. Pall. Sure Gentlemen I can.
If bookes penn'd with a cleane and wholesome spirit,
Have any might to edifie; would they
Were here.

Meag. What Sir? *Eld. Pall.* A small Library,
Which I am wont to make companion to
My idle howers: where some (I take it) are
A little consonant unto this Theme.

Pers. Have they not names?

Eld. Pall. A Pill to purge phyloromy! a Balsamum
For the spirituall backel a lozeng against lust;
With divers others Sir, which though not penn'd
By dull Platonick Greekes, or Memphian Priests,
Yet have the blessed marke of separation
Of Authors silene'd, for wearing short haire.

Pers. But Sir, if this chaste meanes cannot restore
Her to her health and quiet peace, I hope
You will vouchsafe your Lodging in yon Bed,
And take a little paines —

Points to the Bed with him.

Eld. Pallat. Faith Gentlemen, I was

Not bred on Scythian Rocks, Tygers and Wolves
I've heard of, but nere suck'd their milke, and sure
Much would be done to save a Ladies longing!

Meag. Tis late Sir! pray uncase!

Pert. Your Booz, believ't, it is my exercise

Eld. Pal. Well; tis your turne to labour now, and mine
Anon, for your deare sakes Gentlemen, I professe

Pert. My friend shall wait upon you to your sheets,
Whilst I goe and conduct the Lady hither:
Whom if your holy doctrine cannot well
Reclaime, pray hazard not her life; you have
A body Sir! *Eld. Pal.* O! think me not cruell! *Ex. Meag. Eld. Pal.*

Enter To: Pallatine.

Pert. Pall! come in *Pall!* *To: Pall.* Is he in Bed? *Pert.* Not yet,
But stripping in more haste, than an old snake
That hopes for a new skin! *To: Pall.* If we could laugh
In our Coffin *Pert.* this would be a jeast
Long after death: hee is so eager in
His witty hopes, that he suspects nothing.

Pert. O all he swallows Sir is melting Conserve,
And soft Indian Plum! *Meager, what newes?* *Enter Meager.*

Meag. Layd! gently layd! he is all Virgin sure,
From the crowne off's head, to his very Navell!

To: Pall. Where are his Breeches? speake! his Hatband too!
Tis of grand price, the stones are Rosiall, and
Of the white Rock! *Meag.* I hung 'em purposely
Aside, th'are all within my reach: shall I in?

To: Pall. So! softly my false fiend! remember Rogue;
You tread on Glasses, Egges, and gowty Toes! —

*Meager takes out his Hat and Breeches, the Pockets
and Hatband rifled, they throw 'em in agen.*

Meag. Hold *Pall!* th' Exchequer is thine owne! we will
Divide, when thou art gracious and well pleas'd!

To: Pal. All Gold like Stals of Lombard-street pow'd into a purse.

Pert. These deare *Pall.* are thy Brothers goodly heards!

To: Pall. Yes, and his proud Flocks; but you see what they
Come to! a little roome contains them all
At last; so, so, convey them in agen!
Because he is my Elder Brother!
My Mothers Mayden-head, and a Country Wit,

Hee

The Wits.

He shall not be expos'd to bare thighs, and a
Bald Crowne! what noyse is that? — *knocking within.* *Pert.*

Pert. Death! there's old *Snore* *looks at door.*

The Constable! his wife, a Regiment of Halberds.

And Mistresse *Quasie* too, the Landlady

That owns this house. *Meag.* Belike th'ave heard, our friend

The Bawd, fled hence last night; and now they come

To ceaze on Mooveables for rent!

Young. Pall. The Bed within, and th' Hangings that we hyr'd,
To furnish our designe, are all condemn'd,

My brother too; theyle use him with as thin

Remorse, as an old Gamester would an Aldermans Heire!

Pert. No matter, our adventure's paid! follow

Pall! and Ile lead you a backe way, where you

Shall climbe ore tiles, like Cars when they make love.

Young. Pall. Now I shall laugh at those, that heap up wealth

By lazie method, and slow rules of Thrift;

I'm growne the Child of Wit, and can advance

My selfe, by being Votary to chance.

Exeunt.

ACT. 3. SCEN. I.

Enter Snore, Mistresse Snore, Quasie, and Watchmen.

Mist. Snore. Dayes o' my breath, I have not seene the like!

What would you have my husband doe? 'tis past

One by *Boe*, and the Bell-Man has gone twice!

Quasie. Good Master *Snore*, you are the Constable;

You may doe it (as they say) be it right or wrong!

'Tis foure yeares rent, come Childermas Eve next!

Snore. You see Neighbour *Quasie* the Dores are open;

Heere's no goods, no Bawde left; I'd see the Bawde!

Mist. Snore. I or the Whores; my husband's the Kings officer;

And still takes care I warrant yee of Bawdes,

And Whores! Shew him but a Whore at this time

O' night (Good man) you bring a bed i' faith!

Quasie. I pray Mistresse *Snore* let him search the Parish,

They are not gone farre, I must have my rent;

I hope there are Whores, and Bawdes in the Parish!

Mist. Snore. Search now? it is too late; a woman had

As good marry a Cowlesse as a Constable;

The Wits.

If he must nothing but search and search, follow
His Whores, and Bawds all day, and never comfort
His Wife at night: I prethee Lambe let us to Bed!

Snore. It must be late; for Gossip *Nack* the *Nayleman*
Had chatechys'd his Maids, and sung three *Catches*,
And a Song, ere we set forth!

Quaeſie. Good *Mistresse Snore*, forbear your husband but
To night; and let the search goe on!

Mist. Snore. I will not forbear; you might ha' let your house
To honest women, not to Bawds! fie upon you!

Quaeſie. Fie upon me! tis well knowne I'm the mother
Of Children! *Scirvie Fleake!* tis not for nought
You boyle Eggs in your Gruell, and your man *Sampson*
Owes my Sonne in law, the Surgeon, Ten groats
For Turpentine; which you have promis'd to pay
Out of his Christmasse Box.

Mist. Snore. I defie thee.
Remember thy first calling, thou testt up
With a Peck of Damnsens, and a new Sive;
When thou broakst at Dowgate corner, 'cause the Boyes
Flang downe thy ware!

Snore. Keepe the peace Wife! keepe the peace!

Mist. Snore. I will not peace; she tooke my silver Thimble
To pawne, when I was a Maid; I paid her
A penny a moneth use!

Quaeſie. A Maid? yes sure;
By that token, goody Tongue the Midwife,
Had a dozen Napkins o' your Mothers best
Diaper, to keepe silence; when she said
She left you at *Saint Peters Faire*, where you
Long'd for Pigge!

Snore. Neighbour *Quaeſie*, this was not
In my time: what my Wife hath done, since I
Was Constable, and the Kings Officer,
Ile answer: therefore (I say) keepe the peace!

And when w^e have search'd the two back rooms, Ile to bed!
Peace Wife! not a word!

Exeunt.

Enter Eld. Pallatine clothng himselfe in haste.

Eld. Pall. Tis time to get on wings, and fly!
Here's a noyse of Thunder, Wolves, Women, Drums,
All that's confus'd, and frights the eare! I heard
Them cry out Bawds! the sweet young Lady is
Surpris'd sure, by the nice slave her husband;

The Witt.

Or some old frosty Matron of neere kinne;
And the good Gentleman sh^e employd to me
Are tortur'd, and call'd Bawds! If I am tane,
He sweare, I purpos'd her conversion.

Enter Snore, Mist, Snore, Quaeffe, and Watchman.

Snore. Here's a Roome hung, and a faire Bed wixhin,
I take it, there's the hee Bawd too.

Quaeffe. Ceaze on the lewd thing
I pray Master *Snore*, ceaze on the Goods too!

Mist. Snore. Who would not be a Bawd? th'ave proper men
To their husbands; and shee maintaines him
Like any parish Deputy.

Eld. Pall. What are you?

Snore. I am the Constable, *Eld. Pall.* Good, the Constable?
I begin to stroke my long eares, and find
I am an Ass! such a dull Ass, as deserves
Thistles for provander, and sawdust too
Insteed of Graines! O I am finely gull'd.

Mist. Snore. Truly as proper a Bawd, as a woman
Would desire to use? *Eld. Pall.* Master Constable,
Though these your Squires o'th Blade and Bill seeme to
Be courteous Gentlemen, and well taught, yet
I would know, why they embrace me?

Snore. You owe my neighbor (*Mist. Quaeffe*) foure yeares rent.

Quaeffe. Yes and for three Bed Teekes and a Brasse Pot;
Which your Wife promis'd me to pay this Terme,
For now (she said) sh^e expects her cuntry Customers.

Eld. Pall. My Wife! have I beene led to'th Altar too;
By some doughty Deacon, tane woman by
The pretty thumb, and given her a Ring
VVith my deare selfe, for better, and for worse,
And all in a forgotten dreame? But for whom
Doe you take me?

Snore. For the hee Bawd.

Eld. Pall. Good faith, you may as soone,
Take me for a VVhale, which is something rare
You know, o' this side the Bridge.

Mist. Snore. Tis indeed!
Yet our *Paul* was in the belly of one,
In my Lord Majors Shew; and husband you remember,
He beckned you out of the Fishes mouth,
And you gave him a Pepin, for the poore soule
Had like t'have choak'd, for very thirst.

Eld. Pall.

Eld. Pall. I saw it, and cry'd out
O'th City, 'cause they would not bear charge
To let the Fish swimme in a deeper Sea

Mist. Snore. Indeed; why I was but a tiny Girl then;
I pray how long have you beene a Bawd heere?

Eld. Pall. Againe I he w the Devil,
Am I chang'd, since my owne Glasse rendred me
A Gentleman: well, master Constable,
Though ev'ry Stall's your Worships wooden Throane,
Meere you are humble, and o' foote; therefore,
I will put on my Hatt; pray reach it me:—*misses his Diamond*
Death! my harband! a row of Diamonds *Harband.*
Worth a thousand Markes! Nay, it is time then
To doubt, and tremble to: My Gold! my Gold!—*searches his*
And precious stones! *Pockets.*

Mist. Snore. Doe you suspect my Husband?
He hath no neede o' your stones, I prayse heaven!

Eld. Pallat. A plague upon your courteous midnight Leaders!
Good silly Saints, they are dividing now,
And ministring (no doubt) unto the poore!
This will decline the reputation of
My Witt; till I be thought to have a lesse head
Then a Iustice o' Peace! If *Morglay* hear'r,
He'll thinke me dull, as a Dutch Marriner!
No med'cine now from thought? Good! 'tis design'd!

Snor. Come along! 'tis late.

Eld. Pall. Whither must I goe?

Quasie. To the Compter sir, unlesse my rent be payd!

Snore. And for being a Bawd!

Eld. Pallat. Confin'd in Wanecot Walls too,
Like a licorish Rat, for nibbling
Ualawfully upon forbidden Cheese!
This to the other sawce, is Alloes and Mirrh!
But Master Constable doe you behold this Ring?
It is worth all the Bells in your Church steeple,
Though your Sexton, and Side-men hung there too,
To better the Peale. *Snor.* Well, what's your request?

Eld. Pall. Mary, that you will let mee goe to fetch
The Bawd, the very Bawd, that owes this rent;
Who being brought, you shall restore my Ring:

And believe mee to be an arming Gentleman,
Such as in's Scutchion gives Hornes, Hounds, and Hawkes,
Hunting Nags, with tall Biers in Blue Coats,
Sance Number! *Quas.* Pray let him goe Master *Shore*,
Wee'll stay and keepe the goods!

Miss. Snor. Yes, let him Harbond.
For I would faine see a very Bee Bird!
Snor. Come Neighbors, fight him out!

Enter To: Pallatine, Ample, Pert, Ege, Giner, Ensign, with lights.
Ampl. A Portrett full of Palaces, thy Lover (*Lines*)
Merits in Girlands for his victory.

I'm wild with joy why there was wit enough
In this designe to bring a Ship & fooler
To shore agen, and make them all good Pilots!

To: Pall. Madam, this Gentleman deserves to share
In your kind praise, hee was a merry Agent
In the whole piece, and would exalt himselfe
To your Ladishipe service: If you please
For my humble sake, unto your Lip too! — *Pert salutes her.*

Ampl. Sir you are friend to Pallatine,
And that entitles you unto much worth.

Pert. The title will be better'd (*Madam*) when
I am become a Servant to your beauty.

Laoy. Why your confederate *Pert*, is courtly too;
Hee will out-tongue a Favorite of *France*!
But didst thou leave thy Brother sursetting
On lewd hopes? *To: Pall.* Hee belives all woman kind
Dress'd, and ordain'd for th' mercy of his Tooth!

Ampl. And now lies stretch'd in his smooth slipperic sheets!

To: Pall. O like, a wanton Snake on Camamile!
And rifled to so sad remaines of wealth,
That if his resolution still disdain
Suppliment from his Lands, and hee resolve
To live here by his Wits; hee will ere long
Betroth himselfe to Raddish women for
Their roots; pledge Children in their sucking Bottles,
And in darke winter Mornings, rob small School-boys
Of their Honey, and their Bread.

Pert. Faith, *Meager* and I, us'd him with as much
Remorse, as our occasions could allow:

Las, he must thinke we shreds of time
Have our occasions too!

To. Pall. What (Madam) need he care?
For let him but prove kind unto his Bulls,
Bring them their Heifers when their Crests are high;
Stroke his faire Ewes, and pimper a little for
His Rammes; they strait will multiply; and then
The next great Faire, prepare him his agen;
For th Cities views, and our surprize.

Ampl. Why this young Gentleman hath relish in't!
Yet when you understand the darker, and deeper
Contrivements which my selfe, *Engene*, and *Lucce*
Have layd for this great witty Villager,
To whom you bow as foremost of your blood;
You will degrade your selves from all prerogatives,
Above our Sexe, and all those pretty Markes
Of Manhood (your trim beards) yndge oft with Tapers,
As a just Sacrifice to our Supremacie.

Lucce. If Sir *Tyrant Thrift*, your Phlegmatick *Cheridian*
Leave but this Mansion ours till the next Sunne,
We'll make your haughty brother tremble at
The name of Woman, and blush behinde a Faune
Like a yawning Bride, that hath fowle Teeth!

Engene. Madame, tis time you were a Bedd; for sure besides
The earnest invitation which I left,
Writ in his Chamber, these afflictions will
Disturbe his rest, and bring him early higher
To recover his sick hopes. — *Enter Meager.*

To. Pall. *Meager*! What newes? Madam, the homage of
Your Eipagen; A Man o' Warre believ't;
One that hath fasted in the face of's foe;
Scene *Spinola* entrench'd; sometimes hath spread
His butter at the States charge; sometimes too,
Fedd on a Sallad that hath growne upon
The Enemies owne Land; but pardon me,
Without or Oyle, or Vineger!

Ampl. Sir, Men in choler may doe any thing.

Meager. Your Laidship will excuse his now plenty.
It hath made him pleasant.

To. Pall. *Meager*! what newes? how doe our Spies prosper?

Meager

Meager. Sir rare discoveries I've trac'd your Brother; and
You shall heare more anon.

Gins. Your Ladship forget how hardly your
Designes will wake you. *Edgins.* Madam, tillaine be
Bold too, to hasten you into your rest.

Amp. 'Tis late (indeed) the silence of the Night
And sleep be with you Gentlemen.

To. Pall. Madam, good night; but our heads never were
Ordain'd to so much trivall leasure as

To sleepe; you may as soone entreat
A Sexton sleepe in a Bellfry when the Plague reignes;

An aged Sinner in a Tempest; or
A jealous States man when his Prince is dying.

Luce. Pray dismiss your friends, I would speake with you.
Eig. *Pall.* Men of the puiſſant Pike, follow the lights.

Luce. *Pall.* you are as good natur'd to me *Pall.* (*Meager.* *Peri.*
As the wife of a ſilenc'd Miniſter,

Is to a Monarchy, or to lewd Gallies,
That have loſt a Noſe! *To. Pall.* And why ſo Dame *Luce!*

Luce. So many yellow Images at once
Aſſembled in your liſt, and Jewels too

Of goodly price, all this free booty got
In lawfull warre, and I no tribute *Pall.*

To. Pall. What neede it *Luce!* a Virgin may live cheape: 'O
Th'are maintain'd with as ſmall charge as a Wren:

With Magots, in a Gheeſemongers ſhop?
Luce. Well *Pall.* and yet you know all my extreames?

How for a little Taſſarato line
A Maſke, I'm ſaine to mollifie my Mercer

With a ſoft whiſper, and a tim'rous bliſh;
To ſigh unto my Millener for Gloves;

That they may truſt, and not complaine unto my Aunt;
Who is as jealous of me as their wives, and all

Through your demenor *Pall.* whoſe kindneſſe I
Perceive, will raiſe me to ſuch dignitie,

That I muſt teach Children in a darke Cellar,
Or worke Coiſes in a Garret for crackt Groates,

And broken meat. *To. Pall.* *Luce,* I will give thee *Luce,* to buy
Luce. What *Pall.*

To. Pall. An ounce of Arſnick to mixe in thy Aunts Caudels,
F 2 This

This Aunt, I must see cold, and grinning, *Luce*,
 Seal'd't'her last winke, as if she clos'd her eyes
 T'avoid the sight of Beasons, Coughs, and short Creaks!

Luce. How many Angels of your Family
 Are there in heaven? but few I feare, and how;
 You'll be the first, that shall bidde them
 To such high calling, is to me's doubt!

To: Pall. Why is there never a Fire there? *But* for
 Your coughing Aunt, and you?

Luce. Hadst thou eyes like flaming Beacons, crook'd horns,
 A tayle three yards long, and thy feet Cloven,
 Thou couldst not be more a Fiend, than thou art now;
 But to advance thy Crimes with being hard,

To: Pall. You lie *Luce*! you lie! *Things her's Purse*
 There's Gold! the Fairies are thy Minnemen Gills,

Of this thou shalt have store enough, to make
 The hungry Academicks mention thee,
 In Evening Lectures, with applause, and prayer:
 A Foundresse thou shalt be. *Luce*. Of Hospitals;

For your decayed selfe, *Monger*, and *Pier*,
 Those wealthy Vsurers, your poore friends,

To: Pall. A Nunn'ry *Luce*, where all the female Issue
 Of our decay'd Nobility shall live

Thy Pensioners: it will preserve them from
 Such want, as makes them quarter Armes with th' City,

And match with swart Hacerdallers Sons,
 Whose Fathers liv'd in Allies, and darke Lanes!

Luce. Good night *Pall*! your gold Ile lay up, though but
 T'incounter the next Surgeons Bill; yet know

Our Wits are ploughing too, and in a ground
 That yields as fine a graine as this!

To: Pall. Farewell, and let mee heare thy Aunt is stuck
 With more Bay leaves and Rose-mary, than a

Westphalia Gammon.

Enter Elder Pallatine, and Thwack, dressing himselfe.

Eld. Pall. Quick, dispatch Knight! thou art as tedious in
 Thy dressing, as a Court Bribe; two ships might

Be rigg'd for the Straits, in lesse space than thou
 Cariest that same old Huske, can it be thought

That one so fill'd with hope and wild desires
Could be subdu'd with sleep, what dull, and drowzie?
Escape earlier hours than a toost Hen in Winter?

Thwack. Pulling, the design grow all Dreams, Magick,
And Alchymie to mee; I gave it lost;
Clove to my lost Pillow, like a warme Justice,
And slept there with lesse noyle than a dead Lawyer
In a Monument.

Eld. Pall. This is the honest dispatch, that I may knock.

Thwack. S'light stay, thou thinkst I've the dexterity
Of a Spannell, that with a yawne, a scratch
On his left eare, and stretching his hind legs,
Is ready for all day: O for the Discryne sleeve,
And Bulloigne hose, I wore when I was shrieve,
In Eighty Eight! *Eld. Pall.* Faith thou art comely Knight!
And I already see the Towne Girls melt,
And thaw before thee. *Thwack.* Wee must be content!

Thou knowst all men are bound to were their limbs
I' th same skin that Nature bestowes upon them;
Be it rough or be it smooth; for my part,
If I had to whom you lead me now like not
The graine of mine, I will not stea my selfe,
T' humor the touch of her Ladies fingers!

Eld. Pall. Well I had thought I have carry'd it with Youth,
But when I came to greet her beauties with
The Eyes of Love and wonder, shee despis'd mee,
Rebuk'd those haughty Squires, her Servants that
Convay'd mee thither in mistake, and cry'd,
She meant the more Authentick Gentleman,
The rev'rend Monnsier, shee! *Thwack.* The rev'rend Monnsier?
Why does shee take mee for a French Deane?

Eld. Pall. Her Confessor at least, her secrets are
Thine owne; but by what Charms attain'd;
Let him determine that has read *Agrippa*.

Thw. Charms? yes Sir, if this be a Charm— or this— leaps and
frisks.
Or here againe I advance th' activity
Of a poore old back! *Eld. Pall.* No Apt, Sir *Marglay*.

After a yeeeres obedience to the Whip,
Is better quality'd! *Thw.* Limber, and sound Sir!
Besides, I sing, little *Musgrave*; and then

For, the *Chivie Chase*, no Larkie counts were nice
If thee be t'ane with these, why at her perfidie's o'bedience

Eld: Tall. Come Sir, dispatch! He knock, for here's the house!

Thwack, Stay, Stay! this Lave-(sure)-has no great renown!

The house too, if the Moone reveal's right, soon or since
May for it's small Magnificence be left.

(For ought we know) out of the CircleMap this credit roll is a

Ela, Pall. Therein consists the Miracle, and when *omnino* a nī

The doores shall open, and thou shalt behold, how lean

And ragged ev'ry room appears, till thou art right? And T

Hast reach'd the Sphere, where thee (Illustrious) moves, *page 2 of 30*

Thy wonder will be more perplex'd; for know,

This Mansion is not hers, but a conceal'd

Retirement, which her wisdom safely chose.

To hide her loose love,

Thwack. Give mee a Bagadg that has brains! but *Pallatine,* mth

Did not I at first perswade thee, those two

Trim Gentlemen, her Squires, might happily arm the sword and T

Mistake the person unto whom the message was

Dispos'd; and that my selfe was hee?

Eld: Pall. Thou didst! and thou hast got (Knight) by this hand.

I think, the *Mogul's Niece*; she cannot be

Of less descent; the height and strangeness of

Her port, denote her forraigne, and of great blood 17

Thwack. What should the *Magnol's* Niece doo here?

Eld. Pail. 'Las thy Eares are buried in a Wool-sack,

Thou hear'st no Newes! 'tis all the voyce in Court,

That there is sent higher in disguise, to learne

To play on the *Gitarh*, and make Almond Butter ↓

But whether this great Lady that I bring

Thou too, be free; is yet not quite confirm'd!

Thwack. Thou talk'st o'th high, and strange comportment that
Thou found'st her in!

Eld: Pall. Right Sir! the fat on a rich Persian Quilt.

Thridding a Carckanet, of pure, round Pearle.

Bigger than Pidgeons Egges! *Thwack.* Those I will sell!

Eld: Pall. Her Maids with little Rods of Rose-marie,

And talks of Lavender, were brushing Ermines skins:

Thw. Furies for the Winter! Ile line my Breeches with them!

Eld. Pall. Her young smooth Pages lay, round at her feet ;

Cloath'd

10

The Wits.

Now for the Lady *Ampliss* (I guess)
 Lookes on mee with strong fervent Eyes;
 And could I worke her into profit, I would
 Procure my Wit, immortall memory;
 But to be gull'd? and by such Twists too;
 Dull, humble Gentlemen that were drunke Wine,
 But on some Coronation day, when each
 Conduit pisses Claret at the Towne-chargers
 Well, though tis worse than Steele or Marble to
 Digest; yet I have learned, one Roving
 Careire, taints not a Rider with disgrace;
 But may procure him bread to win the race.

ACT. 4. SCENE. I.

Enter To; Pallatine, Engine, Meager, Pert, Pallatine richly cloth'd.

Engin. Your Brother's in the house; the Letter which
 I sent to tempt him hither wrought above
 The reach of our desires; My Lady Sir,
 Hee does believe is sicke to death; and all
 In languishment for his dease love.

To: Pall. *Pert*, and *Meager*, though you have both good faces
 They must not be seene here; there is below
 A Brother o'mine; whom (I take it) you
 Have us'd not overtenderlie.

Meag. Slight he must needs remember us!

Pert. Wee'l sooner stay t'out-face a Basiliske!
 Whither shall wee goe?

To: Pall. To *Snore* the Constable: *Morglay* is kill
 A Prifner in his house; take order for's
 Release, as I projected, but (d'you heare)
 Hee must not free him till I come.

Pert. *Pall*, will the dull Ruler of the night (*Pall*)
 Obay thy Edict! *To: Pall.* His wife will, and she's his Constable!
 Name mee but to her, and shee does homage!

Meag. Enough, wee will attend thee there!

Engin. This way Gentlemen. *Exeunt Engine, Pert, Meager.*

Enter Elder Pallatine.

Eld: Pal. What's this, an apparition, a Ghost imbroider'd?
 Sure he has got the Devill for his Tylor.

Young.

The Wits.

To. Pall. Good morrow Brother, Morrow!

Eld. Pall. You are in glory sir, I like this flourishing!
The Lilly too, lookes handsome for a Month;
But you (I hope) will last out the whole year!

To. Pall. What flourishing? O Sir, belike you mean:
My Cloathes; th'are Ragges, coarse homely Ragges, belov'd;
Yet they will serve for th' Winter sir, when I
Ride post in *Saffron* wayes!

Eld. Pall. This gayettie denotes
Some solitary treasure in the Pocket;
And so you may become a lender too;
You know, I'm farre from home!

To. Pall. Ile lend nothing, but good Counsell, and Wit?

Eld. Pall. Why, sure, you have no Factors sir, in *Delph*,
Lyghorne, *Aleppo*, or th' *Venetian Isles*,

That by their Traffique can advance you thus;
Nor doe you trade ith Citty by retails

In our small Wares: All that you get by Law,
Is but a dolefull Execution

After Arrest; and for your power in Court;
I know your stockings being on, you are

Admitted in the Presence.

To. Pall. What does this inferre Brother?
Men of designe are chary of their Minutes,
Be quicke, and subtile!

Eld. Pall. The Inference is
You prosper by my documents; and what
You have atchiev'd must be, by your good Wits!

To. Pall. If you had had a *Sybill* to your Nourse,
You could not (Sir) have aym'd neerer the truth.

I saw your Eares and Bagges, were shut to all
Intents of bounty; therefore was inforc'd

Into this way; and 'twas at first somewhat
Against my Conscience too!

Eld. Pall. If not to vex
The zealous spirit in you, I would know why?

To. Pall. Good faith I've search'd Records, and cannot find
That *Magna Charta* does allow a Subject

To live by his Wits; there is no Statute for't!

Eld. Pall. Your Common Lawyer was no Antiquary!
To. Pall. And then (credie me Sir) the Canons of
The Church authorize no such thing.

Eld: Pal. You have more wits dill Civilian too!

To: Pal. Yet Brother, these impediments cannot
Choke up my way; I must fill on!

Eld: Pal. And you believe the stories of young heires
Enforc'd to sign at Mid-night to appease

The Sword-blades wrath, may be our done by you!

To: Pal. I were unkind else to my owne good parts!

Eld: Pal. And that your Wit has power to tempe from the
Severe, grave Bench, the Aldermen themselves,
To rise where you please, for Skarles, Feathers,
And for Race Nags!

To: Pal. It is better Sir, in a trice!

Eld: Pal. And that your wit can lead our rev'rend Matrons,
And teary Widows to forgoe, to scale
(And in their smocks) for fraile commodities
To elevate your Punke?

To: Pal. All this Sir, is so easie,
My Faith would swallow't, though't had a sore throat!

Eld: Pal. Give mee thy hand! This day He cut off the entail
Of all my Lands, and disinherit thee!

To: Pal. Will you Sir? I thanke yee!

Eld: Pal. But marke mee Brother; for there's Justice in't,
Admits of no reproofe; what should you doe
With Land, that have a Portion in your braine,
Above all Legacies or heritage?

To: Pal. I conceive you!

Eld: Pal. O to live here, in th' faire Metropolis

Of our great Isle, a free Inheritor

Of ev'ry modest, or voluptuous wish,

Thy young desires can broach; and not oblig'd

To th' Plough-mans toyles, or lazie Reapers Tyet;

To make the world thy Farmis, and ev'ry Man

Lesse witty than thy selfe, Tennant for life;

These are the glories that proclaim a true

Phylosophie, and Soule, in him that climbs

To reach them with neglect of Fame and Life!

To: Pal. He carries it bravely! As he had felt

Nothing that fits his owne remorse; but know,

Sir Eagle, th' higher that you flye, the lesse

You will appeare to us, dim sighted Fowle,

That flutter here below. Brother, farewell!

They say, the Lady of this house, groanes for

The Wits.

Your love, the fairest flower is rich; let not
Your pride beguile your front!

Eld. Pall. I suspect him! Not all the skill I have
In Reason, or in Nature can pronounce
Him free, from the defeat upon my Gold,
And Jewels! 'twas like a Brother! but for
His two Confederates; though I should meet
Them in a Mist, darker than Night, or Southerne Fens
Produce, my Eies would be so courteous sure,
To let mee know them!

Enter Ample, carried in a sledge in a Couch, Luce, Engine, Ginet.

Engin. Room! More ayre! if heav'nly Ministers
Have leasure to consider or assist
The best of Ladies, let them shew it now!

Luce. How doe you Madam? Oh, I shall lose
The chiefe example of internall love
Of gentle grace, and feature, that the world
Did ever shew, to dignifie our Sex!

Eng. Work on! I must stand Sentinell beneath! *Exit.*

Eld. Pall. My deare growne up to such extremitie?
Then it is time, I seeme to suffer too;
Or else my hopes will prove sicker than shee!

Luce. More cruell than the Panther on his prey!
Why speake you not? no comfort from your Lips:
You Sir that are the cause of this sad howr!

Gin. He stands as if his Legs had taken root;
A very Mandrake!

Eld. Pall. How comes it (Lady) all these Beauties that
But yesterday did seeme to reach
The Spring to flourish and rejoyce, so loone
Are with'rd from our sight!

Amp. It is in vaine, & inquire the reason of
That griefe, whose remedy is past; had you
But felt so much remorse, or softnesse in
Your heart, as would have made you nobly just,
And pittifull; the Mourners of this day
Had wanted then, their Dead to weepe upon!

Eld. Pall. Am I the cause? forbid it gentle heaven!
The Virgins of our Land, when this is told,
Will raze the Monumentall building, where

The Wits.

My buried flesh shall dwell, and throw my dust
Before the sportive windes, till I am blowne
About in parcels lesse then Eie-sight can
Discerne! *Luce.* Shee listens to you sir?

Eld. Pal. If I am guilty of neglect;
Give me a taste of durle, name how farre
I shall submit to love if the mind hath no
Disease above recovery, if wee
Have courage to remove dispaire!

Ample. O sir, the pride and scornes, with which you first
Did entertaine my passions, and regard,
Have worne my easie heart away; my breast
Is emptier than mine Eies; that have distill'd
Their Balls to Funerall Dew! It is too late!

Luce. Ginet, my feares have in them too much Prophecie;
I told thee shee would nere recover!

Ginet. For my popre part, I wish no easier Bed
At night, then the cold grave where she must lie!

Amp. Luce! intreat the Gentlemen to sit!

Luce. Sir neere her sir! You heare her voyce growes weak!

Ample. That you may see your scornes could not perswade
My love, to thoughts of danger or revenge;
The faint remainder of my breath, Ile waste
In Legacies, and Sir to you, you shall
Have all, the lawes will suffer me to give!

Eld. Pal. Who, I? Sweet Saint, take heed of your last deeds!
Your bounty carries cunning Murder in't;
I shall be kill'd with kindnesse, and depart
Weeping, like a fond Infant, whom the Nurse
Would sooth, too early to his bed!

Luce. Nay Sir, no remedy, you must have all;
Though you procur'd her death, the world shall not
Report; she dy'd beholding to you!

Ginet. Goe to her Sir, she'll speake with you agen!

Ample. Sir, if mine Eies, in all their health and glory,
Had not the power to warme you into Love,
Where are my hopes, now they are dimme, and have
Almost forgot the benefit of light!

Eld. Pal. Not love! Lady! Queene of my heart! what oathes
Or execrations can perswade your faith

From such a cruell jealousy!

Ampl. I'd have some testimony Sir; if but
T'assure the world, my love, and bounty at
My death, were both conferr'd on one, that shew'd

So much requital, as declares he was
Of Gentle humane race! *Eld. Pall.* What shall I doe?

Prescribe mee dangers now, horrid as those
Which Mid-night fires beget, in Citties overgrowne;
Or Winter stormes produce at Sea, and try
How far my love will make mee venture to
Augment th'esteeme of yours!

Ampl. That triall of your love which I request
Implies no danger Sir; 'tis not in mee
T'urge any thing, but what your owne desires
Would chuse! *Eld. Pall.* Name it! like eager Mastiffs, chain'd
From the encounter of their game, my hot
Fierce appetite diminisheth my strength!

Ampl. 'Tis onely this: for feare some other should
Enjoy you when I'm cold; in my last sleepe;
I would intreat you to sicke, grow sick,
Languish, and dye with mee!

Eld. Pall. How! dye with you! *Lucce aside.*
'Twere fit, you hastned her to write downe all
Shee can bestow, and in some forme of Law:
I feare, shee's made her senses are so lost,
Shee'l never find them to her use again!

Lucce. I pray Sir why?

Eld. Pall. Did you not heare what a fantastick sute
Shee makes, that I would sit and dye with her?

Lucce. Does this request seeme strange? you will doe listle
For a Lady, that deny to bring her
Onward her last journey; or is't your thirst?
Alas you know, soules travell without charge!

Eld. Pall. Her little skull is tainted too!

Ampl. Is hee not willing *Lucce*?

Eld. Pall. My best deare Lady, I am willing to
Resigne my selfe to any thing but death!
Doe not suspect my kindnesse now; In troth
I've businesse upon Earth will hold me here
At least a score or two of yeares; but when

That's done; I am content to follow you.

Amp. If this persuasion cannot reach at your Consent; yet let mee witness so much love In you, as may enforce you languish, and Decay, for my departure from your sight.

Luce. Can you doe lesse than languish for her death? Sit downe here, and begin! true sorrow Sir, If you have any in your brest will quickly Bring you low enough!

Eld. Pall. Alas good Ladies! do you think my languish And griefe is to begin upon mee now? Heaven knowes how I have pin'd, and grow'd, since first Your letter gave mee knowledge of the cause!

Luce. It is not scene Sir in your face.
Eld. Pall. My face! I grant you, I baste inwardly! I'm scorch'd, and dry'd, with sighing toa Mammie: My Heart, and Liver are not big enough To choke a Daw! A Lamb layd on the Altar for A sacrifice hath much more entrails in't!

Luce. Yet still, your sorrow alters not your face?
Eld. Pall. Why no, I say! No man, that ever was Of Natures making hath a face moulded With lesse helpe for hypocrisse than mine!

Giner. Great pittie Sir!
Eld. Pall. Though I endur'd the Diet and the Flux, Lay seven dayes buried up to th' Lips like a Deceas'd sad Indian in warme sand; whilst his Afflicted Female wipes his face scame off With her owne haire, feeds him with Bads of Guacum For his salad; and Pulse of Sassafor His Bread; I say, all this endur'd, would not Concerne my face! Nothing can decline that!

Amp. Yet you are us'd Sir, to baste inwardly!

Eld. Pall. More than heines unladed, or unjoyned Wives.

Enter Engin.

Engin. What shall wee doe? Sir *Tirant Thrift's* come home!

Eld. Pall. Sir *Tirant Thrift's*! *Luce.* My Ladies Guardian Sir!

Amp. He meets th' expected hower; just to my wish!

Luce. What, hath hee brought a husband for my Lady?

Engin. There is a certaine one legg'd Gentleman,

Whose

The Wits.

Whose better halfe of limbe is wood; for whom I could not see
Kind Nature did provide no hands, to prevent
Stealing; and to augment his gracefulness,
Hee's crooked as a Witch's Bin. *Luce.* Is he so much wood?

Engin. So much, that if my Lady were in health,
And married to him, as her Guardian did
Propose, we should have an excellent generation
Of Bed-staves. *Luce.* When does hee come?

Engin. To night if his flow Litter will consent;
For they convey him tenderly, lest his
Sharpe bones should grate together: Sir *Pallatine*,
I wish you could escape my Masters sight.

Eld. Pall. Is hee coming hither?

Engin. Hee's at the doore! My Ladies sickness was
No sooner told him, but hee straight projects
To proffer her a Will of his owne making!
Hee meanes Sir to be heire of all: if hee
Should see you here, hee would suspect my loyalty,
And doubt you for some cunning Instrument,
That meanes to interrupt his covetous hopes!

Eld. Pall. Then he be gone.

Engin. No Sir, hee needs must meet you in
Your passage down: I besides, it is not fit
For you, and your great hopes, with my dependencie
On both, to have you absent when my Lady dyes;
I know you must have all: Sir I could wish
That wee might hide you here! —
Draw out the Chest within, that's big enough
To hold you: it were dangerous to have
My Ladies Guardian to find you Sir! — *They draw in a Chest.*

Eld. Pall. How! layd up like a brush'd Gowne, under lock
And key! By this good light, not I!

Luce. O Sir, if but to save the honour of
Your Mistis fame, what will hee thinke to see
So comely, and so straight a Gentleman
Converse here with a Lady in her Chamber!
And in a time that makes for his suspicion too;
When hee's from home! — *Eld. Pall.* I hate enclosure, I;
It is the humor of a distress'd Rat!

Gines. It is retirement Sir, and you'l come forth.

The Wits.

Agen, so sage! *Enter Ampl. Sir Pallatine!* — *What's the matter?*

Luce. Your Lady calls Sir, to her; and be kind!

Ampl. Will you permit the last of all my howers

Should be defil'd with Infamis, proclaim'd!

By lewder Tongues, to be unchaste ev'n at

My death? what will my Guardian guesse to find

You here? *Elc. Pat.* No more. He in! but think on't gentle Lady!

First to bate in wardly, and then to have

My outward person shut thus and inclos'd

From day light, and your company; I say

But thinke, it'll be not worse than death! — *He enters the Chest?*

Ampl. Locke him up *Luce*, safe as thy Maiden head! — *Exit*

Enter Sir Tyrant Thrift.

Thrift. *Engin*, where's my charge *Engin*, my deare charge?

Engin. Sick as I told you Sir, and lost to all

The hope, that earthly medicine can procure!

Her Physicians have taken their last fees,

And then went hence shaking their empty heads,

As they had left lesse braine than hope!

Thrift. Alas poore Charge! come, let me see her *Engin*!

Luce. At distance Sir, I pray, for I have heard

Your breath is somewhat sowre, with overfasting Sir!

On Holy-day Eeves! *Thrift.* Ha! what is shee *Engin*?

Engin. A pure good soule, one that your Ward desir'd

For love and kindreds sake, to have neere her at

Her death; shee'l outwatch a long Rush Candle,

And reads to her all night the Posie of

Spirituell Flowers! *Thrift.* Does she not gaze for Legacies?

Engin. Fye no! there's a Cornelian Ring, perhaps

Shee aims at, cost Ten Groats; or a wrought Smock,

My Lady made now 'gainst her wedding Sir;

Trifles which Maids desire to weepe upon

With Fun'rall Tales, after a Midnight Posit.

Thrift. Thou saydst below, shee hath made mee her heire.

Engin. Of all, ev'n to her Slippers and her Pins!

Ampl. *Luce*, me thought *Luce*, I heard my Guardens voyce!

Engin. It seemes her senses are growne warme agen;

Your presence will recover her!

Thrift. Will it recover her, then Ile be gon!

Engin. No Sir, shee'l straight grow cold agen! On! on!

Shee

The Wills.

She looks that you would speake to her.

Thrift. Alas poor Charge ! I little thought to see
This dolefull day. *Ampl.* Wee all are mortall Sir !

Thrift. I've taken care, and labour, to provide
A Husband for thee ; hee's in's Litter now,
Hastening to Towne ; a fine young Gentleman !
Onely a little rumbled in the womb,
With fals his Mother tooke, after his making.

Ampl. Death is my husband now ! but yet I thanke
You for your tender paines, and with you would
Continue it in quiet governing my Legacies,
When I am past the power to see it Sir ;
You shall enjoy all !

Thrift. This will occasion more Church building ;
And raising of new Hospitals ; there were
Enow before ; but Charge you'l have it so.

Ampl. Ile make Sir one request ; which I have hope,
You'l grant in thankfulnessse to all my bounry !

Thrift. O deare Charge ! any thing ! Your Couzen here
Shall witnesse the consent and Aet.

Ampl. Because I would not have my vanities
Remaine, as fond examples to perswade
An imitation in those Ladies that
Succeed my youthfull Pride ! I'th Towne : my Plumes,
Fantastick Flowers, and Chaines : my haughty Rich
Embroideries : my gawdy Gownes, and wanton Jewels,
I have lock'd with in a Chest !

Luce. There Sir, there the Chest stands.

Ampl. And I desire it may be buried with mee !

Thrift. *Engin.* take care *Engin.* to see it done !

Ampl. Now Sir, I beseech you leave mee : for 'twill
But make my death more sorrowfull, thus to
Continue my converse with one, I so
Much love, and must forsake at last.

Thrift. Alack, alack ! bury her to night *Engin.* !

Engin. Not Sir, unless shee dies. Her Ancestors
Have sojourn'd long here in St. Bartholmewes,
And there's a Vault i'th Parish Church, kept only
For her Family ; shee must be buried there.

Thrift. I *Engin.* I, and let mee see ; the Church

Thou knowst, joynes to my house, a good prevention
From a large walke; 'twill save the charge of Torch-light.

Engin. What Fun'rall Ghests? the neighbours Sir, will looke
To be invited! *Thrift.* No more than will suffice
To carry downe the Corps; and thou knowst *Engin.*
Shee is no great weight.

Engin. And what to entertaine them Sir?

Thrift. A little Rose-marie, which thou mayst steele
From th' Temple Garden; and as many Comfits
As might serve to Christen a Watchmans Bastard
'Twill be enough! *Engin.* This will not doe! Your Citizen
Is a most fierce devourer Sir of Plums!
Six will destroy as many as can make
A Banquet for an Armir!

Thrift. Ile have no more, *Engin.*
Ile have no more! nor (d'you heare) no Burne wine;
I doe not like this drinking health to th' memory
O'th dead; it is prophane. *Engin.* You are obay'd
But Sir, let mee advise you now to trust
The care, and benefit of all your fre
Presents you in this house, to my discretion;
And get you instantly to horse again.

Thrift. Why *Engin.*, speake?

Engin. In brieft, you know, that all
The Writings which concerne your Wards estate,
Lye at her Lawyers, fiftene Miles from hence!
Your credit, hee not knowing (Sir) shes's sicke,
Will eas'ly tempt them to your owne Possession;
Which, once injoy'd, y'are free from all litigious suites:
His envie might incense her Kindred to!

Thrift. Enough *Engin.*, I am gone!

Engin. If you should meet the crooked Lout in
His Litter Sir (as 'tis in your owne rode)
You may perswade him move like a Crab, backward;
For here's no mixture, but with wormes.

Thrift. 'Tis well thought on *Engin.* farewell *Engin.*
Be faithfull, and be rich!

Engin. My breeding and
Good manners Sir, teach mee to attend your hauncy!

Thrift. But *Engin.*, I could wish, shes would be sure

The Wits.

To dye too night! *Engin.* Alas good Soule! Ile vndertake
Shee shall doe any thing to please you Sir! *Exit Thrift.*

Ampl. *Engin.* thou hast wrought above the power
Of Accident, or Art! *Engin.* If you consider't with a iust
And lib'rall braine: first, to prevent
Th'accessie, and tedious visits of the Fiend
His love-sick Monster; and then rid him hence,
Vpon a journey to preserve this house
Empty, and free to celebrate the rest
Of our designs!

Luca. This *Engin.* is thy Holly-day! — *Luca knocks at the Chest.*
What hoa! Sir *Pallatine*, are you within?

Eld. Pall. Is Sir *Tyrant Thrift* gone? open Lady! open!

Luca. The Carrement Sir I will, a little to
Increase your wicks allowance of fire! — *opens a wicket at the end*
But th'troth, for liberty of liubs, you may *of the Chest.*
As soone expect it in a Gally Sir,
After six Murders and a Rape!

Eld. Pall. How, Lady of the Lawne! *Luca.* Sir *Launcelot*,
You may believ't, if your discreet faich please,
This Tenement is cheape; here you shall dwell,
Keepe home, and be no wanderer!

Eld. Pall. The Pox take mee if I like this! sure when
Th'advice of th' Ancients is but ask'd, they'l say
I am now worse, than in the state of a Bawd!

Engin. D'you know this Lady Sir?

Eld. Pall. The Lady *Ample*!

Her vayle's off too! and in the lusty garb
Of health, and merriment! Now shall I grow
As modest as a snayle that in's affliction
Shrinks up himsele, and's hornes into his shell,
As ham'd still to be seene.

Ampl. Couldst thou believe,
Thou bearded Babe! thou dull ingenderer!
Male rather in the back, than in the braine,
That I could sicken for thy love? for th'cold
Society of a thin Northerne Wit! — *Eld. Pallatine sings.*

— *Eld. Pall.* Then *Troyans* waile with great remorle,
The *Greekes* are lock'd i'th wooden-horse! *Enter To: Pallatine.*

Luca. *Pall.* come in *Pall*! tis done! the spacious Man

The Wits.

Of Land, is now contented with his owne length.

Ampl. Your Brother's come to see you Sir!

Eld. Pa. Brother! Mad Girls these I couldst thou believ't Sirrah!
I am Coffin'd up like a Salmon Pye,

New sent from *Den'shire* for a token! Come,

Breake up the Chest! *Yo. Pall.* Stay Brother! whole Chest is it?

El. Pall. Thou'lt aske more questions then a Constable

In's sleepe! prethee dispatch! *Yo. Pall.* Brother, I can,

But marke the Malice and the envy of

Your Nature: I am no sooner exalted

To rich Possessions, and a glorious meen;

But straight you tempt mee to a forfeiture

Of all; to commit Felony, breake open Chests!

Eld. Pall. O for *Dame Patience!* the Fooles Mistresse!

Yo. Pall. Brother, you have prayd well, heaven send her you!

You must forsake your owne faire fertile soyle,

To live here by your Wits! *Luce.* And dreame Sir of

Enjoying goodly Ladies six yards high!

With Sattin Traines behind them ten yards long!

Ampl. Cloth'd all in Purple, and imbroadred with

Embossments wrought in Imag'ry, the works

O'th ancient Poets drawne into similitude,

And cunning shape! *Gin.* And this attain'd Sir by your Wits!

Yo. Pall. Nothing could please your haughty Pallat but

The Muskatelli, and Frantiniak Grape!

Your Turih and your Tuscan Veale, with Red

Legg'd Partridge of the *Genoa* hills!

Engin. With your broad Liver o'th Venecian Goose;

Fatned by a few; and your aged Carpe,

Bred i'th *Geneva* Lake!

Ampl.

Luce.

Ginet.

} All this maintain'd Sir by your Wits!

Engin. And then you talk'd Sir of your Snail's t'ane from

The dewy Marble Quarries of *Carrara*,

And sows'd in *Luca* Oyle; with Cream of *Zwitzerland*,

And *Genoa* paste. *Yo. Pall.* Your Angelots of *Brie*!

Your *Musolini*, and *Parmesan* of *Lodi*!

Your *Malamucka* Mellons, and *Cicilian* Dates!

And then to close your proud voluptuous Maw,

Marmalad

Marmalad made, by the cleanly Nunnes of *Lisbon*!

Ample. } And still thus feasted by your wits!

Luce. }

Gines. }

Eld. Pall. Deafned with tyranny! is there no end

Ample. Yes Sir, an end of you; you shall be now

Convey'd into a close darke Vault; there keepe

My silent Grandfire company; and all

The Musicke of your groanes, engrosse to your owne cares!

Eld. Pall. How! buried, and alive?

To. Pall. Brother! your hand! —

Farewell! I'm for the North! the fame of this

Your voluntary death, will there be thought

Pure courtesie to me; I meant to take

Possession sir, and patiently converse

With all those Hindes, those Heards, and Flocks,

That you disdain'd in fulnesse of your Wit!

Luce. Helpe *Pall* to carry him! he takes it heavily! —

Eld. Pall. I'll not endure! fire! murder! fire! treason!

Murder! treason! fire! — *Ampl.* Alas you are not heard!

The house contains none but our selves! *Ex. Carrying out the Chest.*

Enter Thwack, Pert, Meager.

Pert. We bring you sir, commendts from *Pallatine*!

Thwack. I had as live, y' had brought it from the Devill!

Together with his homes boyld to a Jelly,

For a Cordiall against lust!

Meag. We meane the younger *Pallatine*; one Sir,

That loves your person, and laments this chance,

Which his false brother hath exposde you to!

Pert. And as we told you sir, by his command,

We have compounded with the Constable;

In whose darke house, y'are now a Prisoner!

But sir, take't on my Faith; you must disburse!

For Gold is a restorative, as well

To libertie as health! *Thwack.* And you beleewe

(It seemes) that your small-tinie Officer

Will take his Unction in the Palme as lovingly,

As your exalted Grandee, that awes all

With hideous voyce, and face!

Pert. Even so the Moderns render it!

The Wits.

Thwack. But Gentlemen, you make a hundred pounds;
Tis all I've left!

Pert. Sir doe but thinke what a
Prodigious blemish it will be, both to
Your ingenuitie, and fame, to be

Betrayd by one, that is believ'd, no wittier than
Your selfe, and lye imprison'd for a Bawd!

Thwack. Sir name is not I! You kill mee through the eare!
I'd rather Sir, y'ould take my Mother from
Her grave, and put her to doe Penance in
Her winding sheet: there is the Sum!

Meag. I'le in Sir, and discharge you!

Exit Meag.

Thw. These carnall Mulets and Tribures are design'd
Onely to such vaine people as have Land;
Are you, and your friend Landed Sir?

Pert. Such land as wee can share Sir in the Map!

Thw. Lo'you there now! These live by their Wits!
Why should not I take the next Key I meet,
And open this great head; to try, if there
Be any braines left; but sowre Curds, and Plum-broth!
Cousen'd in my Youth! couzen'd in my Age!
Sir, doe you judge, if I have cause to curse
This false, inhumane Towne! when I was young,
I was arrested for a stale commoditie
Of Nut-crackers, long Gigs, and Casting Taps:
Now I am old, imprison'd for a Bawd!

Pert. These are sad Tales!

Thw. I will write downe to'th Country, to dehort
The Gentry from comming hither, Letters
Of strange dire Newes; You shall disperse them Sir!

Pert. Most faithfully!

Thw. That there are Lents, six yeares long proclam'd by th' State!
That our French and Deale Wines are poyson'd so
With Brimstone by the Hollander, that they
Will onely serve for Med'cine to recover
Children of the Itch; and there is not left
Sack enough, to mull for a Parsons cold!

Pert. This needs must terrifie!

Thw. That our Theaters are raz'd downe; and where
They stood, hoarse Midnight Lectures preach'd by Wives
Of Comb-makers, and Mid-wives of Tower-Wharfe!

Pert.

The Witty.

Pert. 'Twill take impregnable!

Thw. And that a new Plantation Sir (marke me)

Is made i'th *Caven Garden*, from the *Sutlerie*

O'th *German Campos*, and the Suburbs of *Paris*,

Where such a sale disease regnes as will make

Sassafras dearer than *Unicornes Horne*!

Pert. This cannot chuse but fright the Gentry hence;

And more impoverish the Towne, than a

Subversion of their Faire of *Burtholme*,

The absence of the Termes, and Court!

Thw. You shall (if my projections thrive) in lesse

(Sir) than a yeare; stable your horses in

The *New Exchange*, and graze them in the *Old*! —

Enter To: Pallatine, Meager, Quasie, Snore, Mist: Snore.

Pert. Log off! there's *Pall*, treating for your liberty!

To: Pall. The Canopy, the Hangings, and the Bed,

Are worth more than your Rent! come, y'are overpaid!

Besides, the Gentleman's betray'd! hee is no Bawd!

Snor. Truly, a very civill Gentleman!

'Las, hee hath onely rom'd, and sworne, and curs'd

Since hee was t'ane: no bawdry Ile assure yee!

Mist: Snor. Gossip *Quasie*! what a good yer would ye have?

Qua. I am content, if you and I were friends!

To: Pall. Come, come agree! 'tis I that ever bleed,

And suffer in your wars!

Mist: Snor. Sweet Master *Pallatine*, here me but speake!

Have I not often said, Why neighbour *Quasie*,

Come to my house; besides, your Daughter *Mall*,

You know, last Pompeon time, din'd with me thrice!

When my child's best yellow stockings were missing;

And a new Pewter Porenges mark'd with *P. L.*

Snor. I for *Elizabeth Snore*!

Mist: Snor. The Pewterer that mark'd it was my Uncle!

Qua. Why, did my Daughter steal your goods?

Mist: Snor. You heare me say nothing! but there is

As bad as this (I warrant yee) learn't at

The Back-house! He have an Oven o'mine owne shortly!

To: Pall. Come, no more words! there's to reconcile you,

In Burnt wine, and Cake! Goe, get you all in!

The Wits.

I'm full of businesse, and strange Mistry!

Exeunt Snore, Mist: Snore, Quenfe.

Meag. A hundred *Pall!* 'twas all his store; it lies
Here my brave Boy, warme, and secure in Pouch.

Pert. Wee'l share't anon. — What need your blush *Sir Moroglay*,
Like a Mayd newly undone in a darke
Entrie? There are disasters sure, as bad
As yours Recorded in the Citie Annals!

Thw. Your Brother is a Gentleman of a
Most even, and blessed composition, Sir;
His very blood is made of *Holy-Water*,
Lesse salt, than *Almond-milke*!

To: Pall. My silly reprehension's were dispis'd;
Y'would be his Disciple, and follow him,
In a new Path, unknowne to his owne feet.
Yet I've walk't in it since; and prosper'd as
You see, without or Land, or Tenement.

Thw. Tis possible to live b'our Wits! that is
As evident as light, no humane learning
Shall advise me from that Faith!

To: Pall. Sir Knight, what will you give worthy my braine,
And mee; if after a concealement of
Your present shame, I can advise you, how,
T'achieve such store of wealth, and treasure, as
Shall keepe you here, th'exemplar glory of
The Towne, a long whole yeare, without reliefe
Or charge, from your owne Rents. This (I take it)
Was the whole Pride, at which, some few dayes since,
Your fancie aym'd!

Thw. This was Sir in the howres
Of haughtinesse and hope! but now —

To: Pal. Ile do't: whilst my poore Brother too; low, and
Dedin'd; shall see, and envie it.

Thwack. Live in full port; observ'd, and wondred at?
Wine, ever flowing in large *Saxon Romekins*
About my board; with your soft sarnet smock
At night; and forreigne Musick to entranse?

To: Pall. All this, and more than thy invention can
Invite thee too.

Thw. Ile make thee heire of my

The Wits.

Estate! take my right hand, and your two friends
For witnesses! *Yo: Pall.* Enough! heare mee with haste!
The Lady *Ample's* dead!— Nay there are things
Have chanc'd since your concealment far more fit
For wonder Sir, than this: Our of a silly pitty,
T'avoyd a thirst of Gold, and gawdy Pride
I'th world; sh'ath buried with her in a Chest,
Her Jewels, and her Clothes; besides, as I'm
Enform'd by *Luce* (my wife Intelligence)
Five thousand pounds in Gold; a Legacie,
Left by her Aunt more than her Guardian knew!

Thwac. Well, what of this?

Yo: Pall. Your selfe, and I, joyn'd Sir in a most firme
And loyall League, may rob this Chest!

Thwack. Marrie, and will!

Yo: Pall. Then when your promise is but ratify'd,
Take all the treasure for your owne expence!

Thw. Come let us goe; My fingers burne till they
Are telling it! The night will grow upon's!

Onely you and I, I'll not trust new Faces:

Dismiss these Gentlemen! *Yo: Pall.* At the next street Sir!

Thw. This is at least a game of Fortune, if
Not a faire smile. I'm still for my old Problem;
Since the living rob mee, Ile rob the dead!

Yo: Pall. On my delicious *Pert!* Now is the time
To make our Purfes swell, and Spirits climb! *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter Yo: Pallatine, Ample, Luce, Engine, with a Torch.

Yo. Pall. *Engine,* draw out the Chest, and ope the Wicket!
Let us not hinder him the ayre, since tis
Become his food! *Eld. Pall.* Who's there? what are you? speak!

Amp. A brace of mourning Virgins Sir; that had
You dy'd in Love, and in your Wits, would now
Have brought Roses, and Lillies, Buds of the Brier,
And Summer Pinks to strew upon your Herse!

Eld. Pall. Then you resolve mee dead!

Luce. 'Twere good that you would so resolve your selfe!

The Wits.

To. Pal. She counsell's you to wife and severe thoughts ;
Why, you are no more mortify'd, then Men
That are about to dance the Morrice !

Eld. Pal. Ladies, and Brother too (whom I beginne
To worship now, for tendernesse of heart)
Can you believe, I am so leaden, stupid,
And so very a Fish, to thinke you dare
Thus murder me in bravery of Mirth,
You haue gone farre : part of my suff'rance I
Confesse a iustice to me ! *Amp.* O, doe you so !
Hath your heart, and braine mett upon that point ;
And render'd you silly to your owne thoughts !

Eld. Pal. Somewhat mistaken i'th projection of
My journey hither ! Three houres in a Chest
Among the dead ; will profit more than three
Yeares in a Study ; 'Mongst Fathers, Schoolemen,
And Phylosophers !

To. Pal. And y'are perswaded now, that there is relative
To'th maintaining of a poore younger Brother,
Something beside his Wits ? *Eld. Pal.* 'Tis so conceiv'd !

Amp. And that we Ladies of the Towne, or Court,
Have not such waxen hearts, that ev'ry beame
From a hott Lovers Eie, can melt them through
Our Breasts ? *Eld. Pal.* Faith, 'tis imagin'd too !

Luce. That though th'unruly Aptites of some
Perverted few, of our fraile Sex, have made
Them yield their honors to unlawfull love ;
Yet there is no such want of you Male-sinners
As should constraine them hye you to't with Gold ?

Eld. Pal. Y'have taught me a new Musick, I am all
Consent, and concordance !

Engin. And that, the nimble packing hand, the swift
Disordred shuffile, or the slurr ; or his
More base imployment, that with youth, and an
Eternall back, engenders for his bread ;
Doe all belong to Men, that may be said
To live sir, by their Sinnes, not by their Wits !

Eld. Pal. Sir, whom I love not, nor desire to love,
I am of your minde too !

To. Pal. Madame, a faire conversion, 'tis now fit

The Wits.

I sue unto you, for his libertie !

Ample. Alas he hath so profited in this Retirement, that I feare he will not willingly Come out ! *Eld. Pall.* O Lady, doubt it not ! Open the Chest !

Ampl. A litle patience Sir ! *Enter Ginet.*

Ginet. Madam, we are undone, your Guardian is At dore, knocking as if he meant to wake All his dead Neighbours in the Church !

Ample. So soone return'd ! it is not midnight yet !

Engin. I know the bayt that tempts him backe with such Strange haſt ; and have according to your will Provided (Madam) to betray his hopes !

Ample. Excellent *Engin* !

Engin. This Key conuayes you through the Chancell to The house Gall'ry / My way lies here ; Ile let Him in, and try how our designe will relish ! — *Exit Engin.*

Ample. Come sir, it is decreed in our wise Counsell, You must be layd some distance from this place !

Eld. Pall. Pray save your labour (Madam) I'll come forth !

Ampl. No sir, not yet ! *Eld. Pall.* Brother, a cast of your voyce !

Yo. Pall. She hath the Key Brother ! tis but an howers Darke contemplation more !

Eld. Pall. Madam, here me speake.

Ampl. Nay, no beginning of orations now ; This is a time of great dispatch, and haſt ; We have more plots then a Generall in a sledge ! — *Ex. carrying*
Enter Thrift, Engin. *(out the Chest.)*

Engin. None of the Writings Sir, and yet perplex Your selfe, with so much speed in a returne !

Thrift. The Lawyer was from home, but *Engin.* I Had hope to have prevented by my haſt, Though not her Fun'rall, yet the Fun'rall of The Chest ; Ah deare *Engin*, tell me but why So much pure innocent Treasure, should be Thus throwne into a darke forgetfulnesse !

Engin. I thought, I had encountred his intents ! All Sir, that Law, allow'd her bounty to Bestow, is yours ; but for the Chest ; trust me, 'Tis buried sir ; the Key is here sir, of no use !

Thrift. Hah, *Engin* ! Give it me ! —

The Will.

Engin. And Sir, to vex your meditation more,
Though not with Manners, yet with truth; know there
Is hidden in that Chest, a plenteous heape
Of Gold; together with a Rope of most
Inestimable Pearle, left by her late
Dead Aunt by will, and kept from your discovery!

Thrift. Is this true, *Engin*?

Engin. That precise Chit *Luce*, her couzen *Puritan*,
Was at th' interring of it; conceal'd it till
The Fun'rall formes were past; and then forsooth,
Shee boasted that it was a pious Meanes,
To avoyd covetous desires i'th world!

Thrift. These Fun'rall tales (*Engin*) are sad indeed;
Able to melt an Eye, though harder than
That heart, which did consent to so much cruelty
Vpon the harmlesse Treasure! *Eng.* I mourne within Sir too!

Thrift. Give mee the Key, that leads me from my house,
Vnto the Chauncell doore!

Engin. Tis very late Sir, whither will you goe?

Thrift. Never too late too pray; My heart is heaue!

Engin. Where shall I wait you Sir?

Thrift. At my low Gall'ry doore, I may chance stay long.

Engin. This takes mee more than all the kindeesse Fortune
Ever shew'd mee: a desent transmutation.

I am no more your Steward, but your Spie! *Exeunt.*

Enter To: Pallatine, Pert, Meager, Snore, and Watchmen.

To: Pall. There, there's more Mony for your Watch; me thinks
Th'ave not drunke Wine enough; they doe not chirpe!

Snor. Your Wine mates them, they understand it not.
But they have very good capacity in Ale;
Ale Sir, will heat 'um more than your Biese Brewis!

To: Pall. Well, let them have Ale then.

Snor. O Sir, 'twill make 'um sing like the *Silk-knitters*
Of *Cock-lane*!

To: Pall. *Meager*, goe you to Sir *Tirant Thrifts* house,
Luce, and the Lady are alone, they will
Have cause to use your diligence, make haste!

Meag. Your dog, ty'd to a Bottle, shall not out-run me! *Exit.*

To: Pall. *Pert*, stay you here with Master Constable;

And

The Wits.

And when occasion calls, see that you draw
Your lusty Bill-men forth; bravely advanc'd
Vnder the Colours of *Queene Anne*, and
My selfe, her Generall!

Pert. If Ale can fortifie, feare not! where's Sir *Morglay*?

Yo: Pall. I'm now, to meet him i'th Church-yard; th'old Blade
Sculks there like a tame filcher, as hee had
Nere stolne 'bove Egges from Market women;
Robb'd an Orchard, or a Cheese lost!

Snor. Wee'l wait your worship in this corner.

Yo: Pall. No stirring, till I either come, or send.

Snor. Pray Sir let's not stay long, 'tis a cold night;
And I have nothing on my Bed at home,
But a thin Coverlet, and my wives Sey Petti-coat:
Shee'l nere sleepe (poore soule) till I come home
To keepe here warme! *Yo: Pall.* You shall be sent for strait!
Be merry my dull Sons o'th Night, and Chirpe! *Exit.*

Snor. Come, neighbour *Rundles*! fighting payes no Rent,
Though the Land-Lady be in love! Sing out —

They sing a Catch in foure Parts.

*With Lanthorne on Stall; at Trea Trip wee play,
For Ale, Cheese, and Pudding, till it be day:
And for our Break-fast (after long sitting)
Wee steale a Street Pig, o'th Constables gisting.*

Enter Engine.

Engin. Sir, draw downe your Watch into the Church,
And let 'um lie hid close by the Vestrie dore!

Pert. Is hee there already?

Engin. Fat Carriers Sir, make not more haste to bed,
Nor leane Phylosophers to rise; I've so
Prepar'd things, that hee'l find himselfe mistaken!

Pert. Close by the Vestry dore! *Eng.* Right sir,
Ile to my Lady, and expect th'event of your surpris!

Pert. Follow Master Constable, one, and one:
All in a File! —

Exeunt.

Enter Thrift, with a Candle.

Thrift. I cannot find where they have layd her Coffin!
But there's the Chest; Ile draw it out, that I
May have more roome, to search, and rifle it! —

The Wits.

The weight seemes easie to me, though my strength
Be old; how long, thou bright all powerfull minerall;
Might'st thou lie hid, ere the dull dead, that are
Entomb'd about thee here, could reach the Sense,
To turne wise Thieves, and steale thee from oblivion! — *opens it,*
How! a Halter! what Fiend affronts mee with *and finds a Halter.*
This Emblem! Is this the Rope of Orient Pearle? —

Enter Pert, Snore, Watchmen.

Pert. Now I have told you Master Constable,
The intire plot; marke but, how like that Chest,
Is to the other, where the *Elder Pallatine*
Lies a Perdu; *Engine* contriv'd them both!

Thrift. Hah! what are these, the Constable and Watch?

Pert. Ceaze on him for no lesse than sacriledge!

Thrift. Why neighbors, Gentlemen! *Pert.* Away with him!

Snor. Wee shall know now, who stole the Wanscot Cover
From the Font, and the Vicar's Surplisse!

Pert. Alas grave Sir, become a forfeiture
To'th King, for Sacriledge! *Thrift.* Heare me but speake!

Snor. No, not in a cause against the King!

Pert. Lead to's owne house! he shall be Pris'ner there,
And lock'd up safe enough.

Thrift. Vndone for ever! —

Exeunt.

Enter To: Pallat: Thwack, with an Iron Crow, and dark Lanthorn.

Thw. Why this was such a firke of Piety,
I nere heard of: Bury her Gold with her?
Tis strange her old shooes were not interr'd too;
For feare the dayes of *Edgar* should returne,
When they coynd Leather.

To, Pal. Come Sir, lay down your Instrumēt! *Thw.* Why for?

To: Pal. I'm so taken with thy free jolly Nature,
I cannot for my heart proceed to more
Defeat upon thy liberty: all that

I told thee were ranke lyes! *Thw.* How! no treasure trovar!

To: Pal. Not so much as will pay for that small Candle light
We waste to find it out!

Thwack. I thanke you Sir! — *Flings downe the Crow of Iron.*

To. Pal. You shall have cause, when you heare more; to this
Darke region Sir, tolemne, and silent, as
Your thoughts must be, ere they are mortify'd.

Have

The Wits.

Have I now brought you, to perceive what an
Immenſe large Aſſe (under your favour Knight)
You are to beſeduc'd, to ſuch vaine ſtratagems
By that more profound *Foppe*, your friend, my Brother!

Thw. How had I been ſerv'd, if I'ad brought my ſcales
Hither, to weigh this Gold? but on! your brother!
Whoſe name (let me tell you firſt) ſounds far worſe
To me then does a Sergeant to a young
Indebted Lover, that's arreſted in his Coach,
And with his Miſtris by him!

To: Pal. You are believ'd: but will you now confirme
Me to your grace and love, if I ſhall make't
Appare, that in a kind revenge of what
You ſuffer'd Sir, I've made this falſe, and great
Seducer of Mankind, to ſuffer more.

Thw. The Legend, *Talmud*, nor the *Alchabon*,
Have not ſuch doubtfull tales as theſe; but make't
Appare, I would have evidence!

To: Pal. Then take't on my Religion Sir, he was
Layd up in durance for a Bawd before
He betrayd you to the ſame preſerment!

Thw. Shall this be juſtify'd, when my diſgrace
Comes to be knowne; wilt thou then witneſſe it?

To: Pal. With a deepe oath! And Sir, to tempt more of
Your favours on poore mee, that ever mourn'd
For all your ſufferings; know you ſhall now
See him inclos'd in a blind Cheſt; where hee
Lies bath'd Sir, in a greater ſwet than ere
Cornelius tooke in his owne Tub!

Thw. Here amongſt Sepulchers, and mallowcholy bones:
Let mee but ſee't; and I will dye for joy,
To make thee inſtantly my heire!

To: Pal. You ſhall; and yet ere the Sun riſe, find him
Enthrall'd too in a new diſtreſſe!

Thw. Do'ſt want money? bring mee to Parchment and
A Scriv'ner, He ſeale out two pound of Wax.— *To: Pal.* *knocks at*

To: Pal. You Sir, my neer'ſt Ally, are you aſleep? *the Cheſt.*

Eld: Pal. O Brother, art thou come! quick, let me forth.

To: Pal. Here is a certaine friend of yours preſents
His loving viſit Sir! — *Opens the Wicket.*

The Wits.

Eld. Pall. Sir *Morglay Thwack* 3

I had rather have seene my sister naked !

Thwack. What, like a bashfull Badger doe you draw
Your head into your hole agen ? Come sir,
Out with that sage Noddle, that has contriv'd
So cunningly for me, and your deare selfe !

Eld. Pall. Here, take my Eielids Knight, and sow 'em up,
I dare not see thy face ! *Thwack.* But what thinke you
Of a new Journey from the North, to live
Here by your Wits ; or midnight visits sir,
To the *Mogols* Neece ! *Eld. Pall.* I have offended Knight !
Whip me with wire, headed with Rowels of
Sharpe Ripon Spurs ! Ile endure any thing
Rather than thee !

Thwack. Wee have (I thanke your bounteous braine)
Beene entertain'd with various consorts sir,
Of whispring Lutes, to sooth us into slumbers,
Spirits of Clare to bathe our Temples in,
And then the wholsome wombe of woman too,
That never teem'd, all this for nothing sir !

To: Pall. Come, Ile let him forth !

Thwack. Rogue ! if thou lov'st me !
Nay, let him be confin'd thus, one short moneth !
Ile send him downe to Countrey Faires for a
New motion made, b'a Germane Ingener !

To: Pall. 'Las, he is my Brother. *Thwack.* Or for a solitary Ape,
Lead captive thus by th' Hollander, because
He came aloft for Spaine, and would not for the States !

To: Pall. Sir *Morglay* leave your Lanthorne here, and stay
My comming at yon dore ; 'Ile let him out !
But for the new distresse, I promis'd on
His person, take it on my manhood sir,
He feesles it strait ! *Thwack.* Finely ensnar'd agen, and instantly !

To: Pall. Have a good faith, and goe ! *Exit Thwack.*

Eld. Pall. Deare Brother, wilt thou give me liberty !

To: Pall. Vpon condition sir, you kisse these Hilts,
Sweare not to follow me, but here remaine
Vntill the Lady *Ample* shall consent,
To'th freedome I bestow ! — *He kisses the Hilts.* (*lets him out.*)

Eld. Pall. Tis done ! a vow inviolate ! *He opens the Chest and*

To: Pall.

The Wits.

Yo. Pal. Now silence Bro ther I not one curse, nor thanks —

Exit Yo. Pal.

Eld. Pal. Fate, and a good Starr speed me ! though I have
Long since amaz'd my selfe e'ne to a Marble,
Yet I have courage left, to aske, what this
Might meane? Was ever Two legg'd Man thus us'd ! —

Enter Pert, Snore, & Watchmen.

Pert. *Pall*, and his friend are gone, I must not stay
His sight ; but after you have ceaz'd upon him
Lead him a Prisoner to the Lady too. — *Exit Pert.*

Snore. Warrant ye, though he were *Gog*, or *Heldebrand* ! — *they lay*

Eld. Pal. How now ? What meane you Sirs ? *(bold on him.)*

Snore. Yield to the Constable.

Eld. Pal. 'Tis yielded sir, that you are Constable ?
But where have I offended !

Snore. Heere Sir, you have committed Sacriledge,
And robb'd an Aldermans Tombe, of himselfe,
And his Two Sonnes kneeling in Brasse !

Eld. Pal. How, Flea Monuments of their Brazen skinnes ?

Snore. Looke, a Darke Lanthorne, and an Iron Crow !
Fine evidence for a Iurie ! —

Eld. Pal. I like this plott ! The Lady *Ample* and
My Brother, have most rare, triumphant Wits ;
Now by this hand, I am most eagerly
In love with both ; I finde I have deserv'd all ;
And am resolv'd t'bugge them, and their designs ;
Though they afflict me more, and more ! Whither must I goe ?

Snore. Away with him ! Saucie fellow ! examine
The Kings Constable ! — *Exeunt.*

Enter Young Pallatine, Thwack, Ample, Luce, Meager.

Meager. I am become your Guardians taylor, Lady ;
Hee's safelock'd in the Parlor, and there howles
Like a Dogg that sees a Witch flying !

Thwack. I long to heare how my wife Tutor thrives
I'th new defeat ! *Amp.* 'Tis well you are converted !
Beleev't that Gentleman deserves your thankses.

Thwack. Lady seale my conversion on you Lipp ;
'Tis the first leading Kisse, that I intend
For after chastetie ! — *kisses her.*

Yo. Pal. *Luce*, see you make the proposition good

The Will.

Which I shall give my Brother from this Lady,
Or Ile so swaddle your small Bones.

Luca. Sweet *Pall*, thou shalt. Madam, you'll please to stand
To what I lately mention'd to your owne desire?

Amp. To ev'ry partide, and more. — *Enter Pert.*

Pert. Your Brother's come; this roome must be his prison.

To: Pall. Way *Luca*, away: stand in the Closet Madam,
That you may heare us both, and reach my call.

Thw. Ile stay, and see him.

To: Pall. No Knight; you are decreed Sir *Tirants* Iudge:
Goe that way Sir, and force him to compound.

Thwack. Ile fine him soundly,
Till's Purse shrink like a Bladder in the fire — *Ex. Amp. Luc. Thw.*

Enter Snore, Elder Pallatine. (*Meag. Pert.*)

Snor. Here Sir, this is your Iayle, too good for such
A great Offender. *Eld: Pal.* Sacriledge I very well.

Now all the Pulpit Cushions, all the Hearse Clothes,

And winding sheets, that have been stolne about

The Towne this yeare, will be laid to my charge!

To: Pall. Pray leave us Master Constable, and looke
Vnto your other Bondman in the Parler. — *Exit Snore.*

Eld: Pal. This is the wittiest off-spring that our name

Ere had: I love him beyond hope, or lust,

My Father was no Poet sure, I wonder

How hee got him? *To: Pal.* I know you curse me now.

Eld: Pal. Brother, introth you lie, and who ere believes it.

To: Pal. Indeed you doe: Conjurers in a Circle,

That have rais'd up a wrong spirit, curse not

So much, nor yet so inwardly. *Eld: Pal.* I've a great mind to kisse

To: Pal. You have not sure? (thee.)

Eld: Pal. I shall do't, and eate up thy lips so far,
Till th'ast nothing left to cover thy teeth.

To: Pal. And can you thinke all the afflictions you
Endur'd, were merited; first, for misleading

Morglay, your old friend; then, neglect of mee,

And haughty over-vallewing your selfe?

Eld: Pal. Brother, I murmur not; the Traps that you
Have layd, were so ingenious, I could wish

To fall in them agen. *To: Pal.* The Lady *Ample* Sir,

There is the great contriver that hath weav'd

These

The Wits.

These knots so intricate and safe; 'Las, I
Was but her lowly Instrument.

Eld. Pal. Ah that Lady! were I a King, shee should
Sit with me under my best Canopie,
A silver Scepter in her hand; with which,
I'd give her leave to breake my head for ev'ry fault
I did commit. *To. Pal.* But say, I bring this Lady Sir, unto
Your lawfull sheets; make her your bosome wife:
Besides, the plenty of her heritage,
How would it sound, that you had conquer'd her
Who hath so often conquer'd you?

Eld. Pal. Deare Brother, no new plots.

To. Pal. Six thousand pounds Sir is your yearly Rent;
A faire temptacion to a discreet Lady:
Luce, hath fill'd both mine Eares with hope; besides,
I heard her say, shee nere should meet a man,
That she could more subdue with Wit, and Government.

Eld. Pal. That Ile venture.

To. Pal. Well, my first bounty is your freedom Sir;
For 'th Constable obayes no Law, but mine.

And now, Madam! Appeare! ——— *Enter Ample, Luce.*

Amp. Y'are welcome 'mongst the living Sir?

Eld. Pal. Lady, no words; if y'have but so much Mercie
As could secure one that your Eies affect.

Amp. Why, you'r growne arrogant agen: d'you thinke
They are so weake, to affect you?

Eld. Pal. I have a heart so-kind unto my selfe,
To wish they could; O we should live. *Amp.* Not by our Wits.

Eld. Pal. No, no! but with such soft content; still in
Conspiracie, how to betray our selves
To new delights, keepe harmonic, with no
More noyse, than what the upper motions make;
And this so constant too, *Turtles* themselves,
Seeing our faith, shall slight their owne, and pine
With jealousy. *Amp. Luce*, the youth talks fence now, no Med'
The braine, like to captivity in a darke Chest. (cine for

To. Pal. O Madam, you are cruell!

Amp. Well my sad Convertite: joy yet at this:
I've often made a vow, to marry on
That very day my Wardship is expir'd:

The Witt.

And two howres since, that liberty begun.

Luce. Nay, heare her out! your wishes are so sawcie Sir.

Amp. And know, my glory is dispatch. My Ancestors
Were of the fierie *French*, and taught me love,
Hot eagerneffe, and haste!

Eld: Pall. Let mee be rude
A while; lye with your judgement, and beget
Sages on that! My dearest, chietest Lady! —

Amp. Your braine's yet fowle, and will recoyle agen.

Eld: Pall. No more: Ile swallow downe my Tongue!

Amp. If Sir, your nature be so excellent,
As your kind Brother hath confirm'd to *Luce*,
And mee; follow, and Ile present you straight
With certaine writings you shall seale to, hood-winck'd,
And purely ignorant of what they are?

This is the swiftest, and the easiest test,
That I can make of your boid love; doe this,
Perhaps, I may vouchsafe to marrie you.
The writings are within. *Eld: Pall.* Lead mee to triall, come!

Amp. But Sir, if I should marry you; it is
In confidence, I have the better Wit;
And can subdue you still to quietneffe,
Meeke sufferings, and patient awe.

Eld: Pall. You rap me still anew.

To: Pall. In *Luce*, our hopes grow strong, and Giantly! *Exeunt.*

Enter Thrift, Snore, Mist: Snore, Quasie, Ginet.

Ginet. To him Mistrisse *Snore*; 'tis hee has kept
Your Husband from his Bed so long, to watch
Him for a Church Robberie!

Mist: Snor. Ah, thou *Indas*! I thought what thou'dst come to!
Remember the Warrant thou sent'st for mee
Into *Duck-lane*, 'cause I call'd thy Mayd *Trot*!
When I was faine t'invire thy Clerke to a
Fee Pye, sent me b'a Temple Cooke, my Sisters Sweet-heart!

Quas. Nay, and remember who was brought to bed
Under thy Coach house wall; when thou deuid'st
A wad of straw, and wouldst not joyne thy halfe-penny
To send for Milke, for the poore Chrifome!

Snor. Now you may sweeten me with Sugar-loaves
At New-yeares-tide, as I have you Sir. —

Enter

The Witts.

Enter Thwack, Pert, Meager, Engine.

Thw. Wee'l teach you to rob Churches! S'lighr, hereafter
Wee of the Pious shall be afraid to goe
To a long Exercise, for feare our Pockets should
Be pick'd! Come Sir, you see already how
The neighbours throng to find you; will you consent?
Tis but a thousand pounds a piece to these
Two Gentlemen; and five hundred more t' *Engine.*
Your crime is then conceal'd, and your selfe free.

Meag. No, he may chuse, hee'l trust to'th kind hearted *Law.*

Pert. Let him, and to *Dame Justice* too, who though
Her Ladiship be blind, will grope hard Sir,
To find your Money Bags.

Engin. Sir you are rich; besides, you know what you
Have got by your Wards death; I feare you will
Be begg'd at Court, unlesse you come off thus.

Thrift. There is my Closet Key, doe what you please.

Engin. Gentlemen, Ile lead you to it, follow me.

Thw. D'you use to find such sums as these beneath
An Oke, after a long March; I thinke sure,
The wars are not so plentifull. *Pert.* Wee thinke so too.

Thw. Y'had better traile a Bodkin, Gentlemen,
Under the Lady *Ample*, than a Pike
Under a *German* Generall.

Per. Wee'l in for th'Mony Sir, and talk anon. *Ex. Eng. Per. Meag.*

Enter Eld: Pallatine, To: Pallatine, Ample, Luce.

To: Pall. Sir *Tirant Thrift*, here is your Ward come from
The dead, t'indite you for a Robbery
Upon her Ghost. *Thrift.* Hah! Is shee alive too?

Luce. Yes, and her Wardship out, before y'have profer'd her
A Husband Sir; so the best benefit
Of all your Guardianship is lost.

Ampl. In seven long yeares you could not Sir provide
A man deform'd enough, to offer mee
For your owne ends.

Thrift. Couzen'd of wealth, offam'd! Dog *Engine!* *Ex. Thrift.*

Thw. Wee must have you enclos'd agen: y'are very
Forward with the Lady. *Eld: Pall.* I will be Sir,
Vntill shee groane! this Priest staves some what long.

Thw. How's this? troth I shall forgive thee then heartily.

The Witt.

Amp. I've rane him i'th behalfe of health; to chille
And jeere, for recreation sake, 'cwill keepe
Mee Sir, in breath, now I am past growing.

Eld: Pall. Hearke Knight! here's a relish for your eares. I chose
None of your dull Country Madams, that spend
Their time in studying Receipts, to make
March-Pane, and preserve Plums; that talke
Of painfull Child-births, Servants wages, and
Their husbands good Complexion, and his Leg!

Thw. New wonders yet!

El: Pall. What was that (Mist'ris) which I scal'd to, hood-wink'd
A simple triall of my confidence and love.

Amp. Your Brother has it, tis a gift to him
Of one faire Mannor, 'mongst those many that you
Have in Possession Sir; and in this Bond,
Y'are witnesse to three thousand pounds I give to *Luce*!

Luce. Yes Sir, for *Pall* and I must marry too.

To: Pall. I were an Ev'nuch else, and th'world should know't.

Eld: Pall. Thou couldst not have betrayd mee to a bounty
I more love. Brother! Give thee joy! — *Thw. takes To: Pall. aside.*

Thw. You are the cause of all these Miracles:
Therefore I desire you to be my heire;
By this good day you must: for I've r'ane order,
Though I love your Wit, you shall not live by it.

To: Pall. My kind thanks Sir, the poore Mans gratitude.

Mist: Snor. 'Give you joy sweet Master *Pallatine*, and
Your Brother too. *Luce.* And send you more such wives,
Ev'ry yeare as many as shall please heaven.

Snor. Tis day. Ile not to bed Sir now; my watch
Shall be drunke, at your worships wedding.

To: Pall. They shall, and there is Gold enough to keepe
Them so, untill thy reigne be out. —

Enter Pert, Meager, Engine, with Money Bags.

Pert. Loaden with composition *Pall.* —

Meag. Tis for your sake wee grone under these burdens. —

To: Pall. The Offall of Sir *Tirants* Trunks! Brother,
Pray know these Gentlemen, they owe you more
Money than they meane to pay now.

Eld: Pal. I remember 'um: But no words my Cavalliers,
And you are safe. Where shall we dine to day?

Young.

The Wits.

Yo: Pal. At *Lucy's* Aunts; wee'l make her costive Beldamship
Come off; when shee beholds a goodly joynture,
And our faire hopes. *Eld: Pal.* First, to the Church. Lady,
Ile make your skittish person sure. Some of
Your pleasant Arts upon mee, may become
A wise Example, and a Morall too;
Such as their haughty fancie well besits,
That undertake to live here by their Wits.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.



EPILOGUE.

THe office of an Epilogue, is now
To smooth & stroke the wrinkles frō each brow;
To guide severer judgements (if wee could
Be wise enough) untill they thought all good,
Which they perhaps dislike; And sure, this were
An over-boldnesse, rais'd from too much Feare.
You have a Freedome, which wee hope you'l use,
T' advance our youthfull Poet, and his Muse
With a kind Doome; And hee'l tread boldly then
In's best new Comick Socks, this Stage agen.

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